The Nation.

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The Week.

The repeated and disappointing delays in the Venezuelan negotiations, culminating on Monday in news of what is practically a deadlock between Minister Bowen and the allies, are vexing but not necessarily alarming. As we understand the situation, an agreement to refer the whole matter to the Hague Tribunal will be fallen back upon in case the direct intervention of Mr. Bowen, as plenipotentiary of Venezuela, should wholly fail. Chancellor von Bülow, in his speech in the Reichstag of January 20, spoke of President Castro's having "recognized in principle the demands of the three Powers," and having given his "assent to the preliminary conditions for the reference of the dispute to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague." There, we infer, the case will go if no short-cut settlement can be had at Washington. While this is happily true, we think, however, that a review of the whole affair down to the present will not heighten one's idea of the wisdom with which it has been managed by England and Germany. Their new way of collecting old debts, *manu militari*, has not proved a great success, nor is it likely to be followed as a fortunate precedent. Reduced to the ordinary commercial terminology, their plan has been first to destroy a good part of the assets of their debtor, and then to incur such heavy expenses of litigation that they are certain to lose by the whole transaction, no matter what they may be able to recover in the end. If any one says that there was national dignity to be vindicated as well as payments to be exacted, we would ask what evidence there is that English or German national vanity has been flattered by the mortifying incidents of the Venezuelan blockade.

As if to emphasize the blunder of the Anglo-German way of collecting Venezuelan debts, a full account is now given of the success of the French in submitting their claims to arbitration, getting a just award, and having the money in sight. Mr. Bowen was not far wrong in saying that to compel such creditors to come in after those who had plunged into a *bouffe* war would be an "offence to civilization." A trading world cannot afford to put a premium upon violent interruptions of commerce. Indeed, the chief instruction to be had from the whole affair is that peaceful methods of settling international differences are more profitable, as well as more civilized, than an impetuous appeal to arms.

The announcement has been made at Washington that neither President Roosevelt nor Secretary Hay had any agency in adding the monopoly clause to the Cuban treaty, and that neither of them favors it. The clause provides that, during the five years that the treaty remains in force, the United States will not make a treaty with any other foreign country admitting sugar at rates of duty lower than those of the Dingley tariff. This amendment is supposed to be the price demanded by the beet-sugar men for allowing the treaty to be ratified at all. On its face it looks like an additional clause in favor of Cuba which the Cubans did not ask for; but, in fact, it is a clause inserted for a private interest in the United States. It could not fail to be injurious to the consumers of sugar, and embarrassing to the executive branch of the Government in case it should desire to negotiate with other sugar-producing countries. Its most unseemly feature, however, is its gratuitous stab at England, the only friend we had in the war with Spain, and without whose moral assistance in that crisis our difficulties might have been much greater than they were. The British islands in the West Indies are small, and the amount of sugar produced by them is inconsiderable; but they depend upon the American market, and they buy from us as much as they sell to us. We ought not to shut the door of reciprocity in their faces, and we cannot decently do so when we consider the fact that England is not only the best friend we have in Europe, but much the best customer we have in the world.

The vulgar language used in the Senate debate last week about the murder of Father Augustine should not obscure the right and wrong of the discussion. The Democrats were speaking for the honor of the country and the army; the Republicans for a policy of secrecy and suppression, and for connivance at crime. In defending Capt. Brownell against the charge of murdering Father Augustine, Mr. Proctor admitted that he was guilty of the water-cure torture. Alleging mysterious crimes on the part of the priest, Mr. Proctor declared him more guilty than many a man executed by drumhead court-martial in 1861-1865. He had a fit companion in Senator Beveridge. For reasoning, this gentleman substituted pitiful mouthings about defending the army; with calumniations of the men who would punish criminals, whatever their rank or uniform. There is no getting such as he to face the facts: "Do you deny the charges?" "Oh, but you are slandering the army!" "Is it not true that a foul murder was done?" "How can you so vilify the boys in blue?" But if Beveridge and his kind shirked the issue or beclouded it in the interest of the criminals, it must not be forgotten that the War Department admits Capt. Brownell's guilt in the death of Father Augustine. Yet it finds itself unable to act, and Father Augustine's murderers go about without the brand of the criminal.

The annual farce of trying to get the Senate to accept consular reform came to grief in the usual way—the amendment was ruled out on a point of order. Points of order in the Senate, we observe, are valid only against reform measures. The occasion was seized by Senator Beveridge to emit some words —he would call them ideas—on the need of keeping our consular service in a constant state of flux in order to increase its efficiency. His philosophic eye had observed that whenever a consul feels sure of his place, "his energy gives place to indolence," and his "pushing power in the public interest is minimized." Hence the consuls must be in a perpetual "shake-up." This is certainly a novel doctrine of business efficiency. We have no objection, however, to seeing Senator Beveridge's chalice commended to his own lips. He is evidently in need of those "fresh surroundings" which, he says, are so vital to the public servant. He feels too "sure of his place," and, on his own principles, ought to give way to some one else. We should be glad to see him make such a test, in his own person, of his doctrine that a greenhorn is always better than a man of experience.

It is a severe but wholesome rap over the knuckles which President Roosevelt has received in the vote of the Senate Judiciary Committee to reject his nomination of Addicks's man Byrne as District Attorney for Delaware. We have no desire to rub salt into Mr. Roosevelt's wounds. To be held up to the country as less delicately scrupulous about the administration of justice than Senators are, and to be impliedly rebuked, even by the Senate, for his dalliance with the most notorious political corruptionist of the day, constitutes punishment enough. The President must now have his Addicks lesson by heart. It was Mr. Roosevelt's apparent willingness to deal at all with this political pariah, whose touch is contamination, that stunned the decent people of the nation when they first heard of it. He promptly retreated when he found out what public sentiment really was, but held on

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to Byrne. Now that the tool of Addicks has proved too much for even the stout Senatorial stomach, the President should withdraw the nomination altogether, and join heartily with the honest men of Delaware in their determined attempt to bury Addicks and all his works.

The House passed last week the Senate bill to increase the salaries of the Federal Judges. Under this act, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court will receive $13,000, the Associate Justices $12,500, the Circuit Judges $7,000, the District Judges $6,000, the Chief Justice of the Court of Claims $6,500, and Associate Justices $6,000. The Justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia are also to benefit by the bill, as their salaries are made $6,000. It cannot be said that these increases are revolutionary in character. At present the Chief Justice of the United States receives $10,500, and his associates in the Supreme Court $10,000 each. The Circuit and District Judges will gain $1,000, and those of the Court of Claims $1,500, in addition to their present salaries. Any law which makes it possible to obtain better men for these high positions is heartily to be approved. It is impossible to expect, of course, that Federal judicial salaries can of themselves compete with the financial attractions of private practice, but the increases just provided are in keeping with changed financial conditions in the legal profession, and are also warranted by the enlarged business of all the courts concerned. Compared to the $17,500 received by the Supreme Court Justices in this city, none of the salaries can be said to be exorbitant; but these local payments are exceptional and probably unequalled throughout the United States. The dignity and permanence of the Federal positions are still so attractive as to make them the supreme objects of ambition to the legal profession as a whole.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* epitomizes a report made, but not printed, to the Treasury in 1894 on the subject of the Newfoundland herring fisheries. This report showed, first, that dutiable fish bought in Newfoundland were customarily admitted free of duty at United States custom-houses, although in many cases the statements of the masters of vessels showed that the herring could not have been caught by American fishermen. The loss of revenue for the particular season investigated, that of 1894-5, was $84,000. The investigation has brought out on the part of many United States officials a curious reluctance to interfere with this form of smuggling. In fact, the Treasury, since the report of 1894 was filed, has acted upon it only by way of reversing its own decisions which may have embarrassed this illicit trade, and of making it easier for the alleged fishermen to forswear themselves. Republican politics in Massachusetts, and especially the influence of Gloucester, must be credited with this extension of Republican "protection" to a smuggling industry. It will be apparent that the Massachusetts herring freighters who at present pay no duty, should not oppose the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty, which will merely legitimize a traffic at present irregular. The Treasury has already stretched conscience to the breaking-point for these alleged fishermen and actual importers; and the Senate, when it takes up the Hay-Bond treaty, should not feel that they are entitled to any additional favors.

The blindness of the Treasury Department to the operations of the smugglers of herring on the New England coast is in glaring contrast to its keenness of scent for duties on books imported at New York. Herring caught by Newfoundland fishermen and sold by them to Massachusetts skippers have been admitted free of duty for many years, whereas the importers of books have been paying the legal rates of duty computed on the actual cost of the books in the foreign market. Now, however, the customs service has discovered that in some instances foreign books are sold to American buyers at lower rates than to the home buyers. So the customs authorities raise the invoice value of the imported books, and put a penalty on top of that; but the herring smugglers meet no such difficulties. It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored! Of course the appraiser of books at the port of New York is not the appraiser of fish at Gloucester, Mass. Each functionary of the Government must answer for himself at the bar of court, at the bar of history, and at any other bar he frequents. But is it not a curiosity in tariff administration that the Government should show so much greater activity in hunting down honest book-buyers than dishonest smugglers of fish?

Political economy would never have been called "the dismal science" had Secretary Shaw been the only economist. In his address in this city on Thursday Mr. Shaw gave the full-blooded old arguments for protection with an enthusiasm and conviction now rare. He reprehended "school-masters" and free traders for their habit of thinking of the "human race as a unit." Statesmen, on the contrary, must think of "the United States as a unit," and presumably as something quite distinct from the human race. On the subject of tariff revision, Secretary Shaw was equally lucid. He admitted imperfection in the present schedules, but denied that such imperfection called for correction. "Some one, some industry, some interest ought to show an actual hardship, before present conditions are disturbed." A little later Secretary Shaw proved that such "hardship" could arise only through tinkering the tariff, and said very prudently, in the light of previous revisions of the tariff by its friends, that in case of further meddling by the Republicans "no one dare insure against the tariff schedules being made worse." These were words of wisdom. Meanwhile he exhorted his audience to rejoice in their increasing "consumptive power," by which he meant their ability to pay high prices for American-made goods. No one who has recently scrutinized his coal dealer's and butcher's accounts quite wishes congratulation upon the enhancing of his "consumptive capacity." But apparently the West Side Republicans to whom Secretary Shaw spoke are given rather to sentiment than to mathematics; for they were equally edified by his congratulations and by his anti-revisionist Q. E. D.

Two significant events in the educational world are worthy of note—the incorporation in Washington of the General Education Board under an act of Congress, and the decision of the Trustees of the Peabody Fund to work hand in hand with the new organization, so that there shall be no duplication of effort. The General Education Board, in a statement to the public, announces that it is now organized to receive funds and to act as trustee for the disbursement of such sums as may be given it for Southern educational purposes. The Board, like all who have looked into school conditions in the South, is emphatically of the opinion that "no wiser or more patriotic opportunity for philanthropy is before the people of the United States." Mr. Rockefeller has given the Board the sum of $100,000 a year for ten years, but this is only a small part of what is needed, and the Board's appeal should meet with a prompt response from all who are philanthropically inclined. As already stated in these columns, the Board aims to be a general clearing-house and investment headquarters for all who desire to contribute to this worthy cause.

Under the terms of Mr. Peabody's will, the Peabody fund could have been wound up and the principal distributed some five years ago. The trustees wisely decided then to keep up their policy of distributing the income. This method of aiding the institutions which it has helped to support is far more stimulating to them in the way of getting them to help themselves than would be the distribution of the total as an endowment fund for various institutions. Eventually, of course, the Peabody Fund will be distributed, perhaps through the agency of the General Education Board itself. At present, however, the trus-

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tees merely seek closer relations with the Board. One action taken by them on Thursday last is significant of the changed conditions in the South since the fund was originally constituted. They voted to found and maintain a "Peabody College for Teachers." Good Southern teachers are among the crying needs of the hour, which both the General Education and Southern Educational Boards have recognized by aiding normal schools and summer schools of instruction for teachers. Such an institution as is planned by the Peabody trustees would make its influence felt throughout the South in a surprisingly short time.

The supporters of the 1,000-ton barge canal have united on a bill which provides for deepening the Erie and Oswego canals to twelve feet and the Champlain Canal to seven feet. It also provides for the necessary widening, and for lengthening of locks so that canalboats of the desired capacity can be accommodated. The route proposed for the main canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson River is that of the present Erie Canal, modified at certain points to make use of the Seneca and Oneida Rivers and a part of Oneida Lake, as well as the Niagara River from Tonawanda to Buffalo. Changes in the route, as a result of which the canal will no longer run through the business centres of Utica, Syracuse, and Rochester, have been made. The estimated cost of all the improvements called for in the bill is $82,000,000. This figure is based upon the carefully prepared statistics contained in the report of State Engineer Bond, whose surveys and estimates were made after the most minute investigation by experts. The total of $82,000,000 includes an allowance of 20 per cent., added by Engineer Bond to all his estimates to cover increased cost of labor and material, and other unexpected or incidental charges. The bill provides, of course, that the whole project shall be submitted to the people at the election next November. The referendum is required by the Constitution. Under the Constitution, bonds for public improvements cannot be issued to run for a longer period than eighteen years, but the Legislature has already adopted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution which would permit the bonds to be issued for a fifty-year period. This resolution must be passed by the present Legislature, and the amendment submitted to the people, before the long-term bonds can be authorized; but no doubt the amendment will be adopted if the canal project is.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Erie canal has still a considerable balance to its credit in its dealings with the State. At the close of the year 1882, at which time tolls were abolished on the canals, the revenues collected by the State on the Erie exceeded all sums paid out upon it for any purpose whatsoever, including original cost, by $42,599,718. This amount, of course, has been reduced by the cost of maintaining and repairing the canal since tolls were abolished, and by the $9,000,000 expenditures authorized in 1895; but in 1899, when the Roosevelt Commission made its report, there was still a balance in favor of the Erie Canal of more than $20,000,000 paid into the State treasury, in excess of the entire cost of the canal from the turn of the first spadeful of earth to the date of the report.

The asserted inferiority of British workmen has been in a measure disproved by a recent building enterprise at Manchester, which also brought out strikingly the superiority of American methods of building. When the Westinghouse Company decided to build a plant at Manchester, the contract was given to Mr. J. C. Stewart, who accomplished the work in something like half the time estimated by British contractors. Mr. Stewart, however, worked entirely with English sub-contractors and laborers, and his success was due largely to his energy in keeping various shifts always at work on the building, and in offering a handsome increase of wages for all work done over-time. A similar demonstration followed in the same city in the case of the terminal hotel of the Midland Railway, the largest in Great Britain outside London, the construction of which is, in eight months, as far advanced as it was to have been in twelve. It will be finished in a little more than a year, though two was the smallest estimate of the British experts. These two instances of rapid building have attracted much attention in England, and are viewed with something of that mixture of admiration and disquietude which greeted the shipping of the Atbara bridge from American forges to the upper Nile.

It is at once an implied compliment to the United States, and a noteworthy sign of the times, that a strong movement for revising the French Constitution is on foot, with the aim of giving the Court of Cassation powers equivalent to those of our Supreme Court. France has had no such judicial check on unconstitutional legislation, or violation of the rights of the private citizen by act of Parliament. Like the Commons of England, the French Chamber has had full power to pass what laws it pleased, with no judge to say it nay. How small a part the judiciary plays in the political institutions of France may be seen in Mr. Bodley's 'France,' in which not so much as a single chapter—apparently not a full page—is devoted to the subject. Compare the many pages which Mr. Bryce surrenders to a study of American courts in reference to our Constitution and lawmaking. That thoughtful Frenchmen should perceive the need of some norm of legislation and of an independent court to apply it as a test to the enactments of the Parliament, suggests once more that deep instinct of conservatism in the French political character which survives so many startling changes and radical proposals.

Austria and Russia have now joined Germany and France in adopting higher tariff duties as against all countries which do not give them favorable commercial treatment. This is the very news that Senator Lodge was in search of the other day. Could it be, he asked in a pained resolution, that any country on earth was preparing to enact high customs duties against the United States? Well, all the leading nations, except England, appear to be getting ready to do that very thing. And we fear that they will only laugh if our Senate attempts to play the rôle of injured innocence. That Senate, which is the foster-mother of the highest of high tariffs, which secretly strangles to death every reciprocity treaty that is sent to it, is surely not in a position to cry bloody murder when others execute the villany it has taught them. For Uncle Sam to exclaim in horror at the sin of protective tariffs in *other* countries, is certainly to make the old gentleman unnecessarily ridiculous.

Reports of massacre and even worse outrages in Macedonia emphasize the need of European intervention, and cast grave doubt upon the efficacy of the joint proposals of Austria and Russia recently made to the Porte. The plan formulated by Count Lamsdorf after his recent trip through the Balkans has, in fact, this weakness, that it seems to benefit only the Christian subjects of Turkey. Accordingly it bears the look of unwarrantable coercion at Constantinople. The Sultan may agree to it as he has done to many other plans of reform; but that he will carry it out faithfully nobody believes. A correspondent of the London *Times* has lately pointed out a principle heretofore strangely overlooked, that reform in Turkey must comprehend the Muslims as well as the Christians. This the Russo-Austrian proposal of schools and a gendarmery officered by Christians fails to do, and daily infliction of atrocities on the Macedonian Christians may be accepted as the real answer of the Porte, whatever its diplomatic reply may be. The present disorders are probably only an earnest of those that will ensue with the coming of spring. Then it will be seen whether Russia still has such a hold over the Macedonian revolutionary committees as to postpone again a settlement which must soon be made—even at the risk of repeating the history of 1877-8.

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THE NEW SILVER MOVEMENT.

President Roosevelt has asked Congress to give him power to lend the support of the United States to "such measures as will tend to restore and maintain a fixed relationship between the moneys of the gold-standard countries and the silver-using countries." This authority is asked without any suggestion, and apparently without knowledge, of the fact that a large part of our political and diplomatic activity during the past quarter of a century had been directed to that very problem—the problem, namely, how to cause two things to be of equal value when they are of unequal value. This was the underlying question in three international monetary conferences, and also in the Wolcott Commission of 1897.

The resemblance of the latter to the plan now recommended by the President, if we may judge from the accompanying documents, is rather striking. Mr. Wolcott and his colleagues went to England, not expecting to bring about any change in the monetary standard of the United Kingdom, but to induce her to lend India to some experiment for supporting the price of silver. The Salisbury Ministry, being little skilled in the subject, and having very imperfect knowledge of the state of public opinion in either India or England, assented to the project, stipulating, however, that the single gold standard should be maintained in the United Kingdom, and stipulating also that both the United States and France should open their mints to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 15½ to 1. On those conditions Lord Salisbury, in the innocence of his heart and the paucity of his knowledge, agreed to recommend that the Government of India should reopen its mints to the free coinage of silver, and that the Bank of England should keep silver in its vaults to the extent of one-fifth of its metallic reserve. When these facts were fully made known, there was such an overwhelming protest of public opinion in both England and India against it that Lord Salisbury was obliged to say that he could not go on with the negotiation. It was a mortifying failure.

Yet the Wolcott Commission had a much more promising start than any which could be set on foot now to accomplish the like task. That task, as we have said, is to make two unequal things equal to each other. It is so declared in the papers submitted with the President's message. The joint communication of the Ministers of Mexico and China presents their wish in these words:

> "It is desired that the Governments of gold-standard countries having dependencies where silver is used, and the Governments of silver countries shall coöperate in formulating some plan for establishing a definite relationship between their gold and silver moneys, and shall take proper measures to maintain such relationship."

"Definite relationship between their gold and silver moneys" means holding the values of the two kinds of money at a parity. This may be done by one country for itself alone. Indeed, it is done by the United States at this moment. It is done by limiting the amount of silver money to the needs of retail trade, and compelling its use in such trade by abolishing other money of small denominations. But how this is to be done internationally—that is, by concert of action between a number of countries—we defy anybody to point out. The attempt to accomplish this end in the four or five countries of the Latin Union was a total failure. As soon as a divergence took place between the legal ratio and the market ratio of gold and silver, the cry of *sauve qui peut* was raised, and each of the countries concerned made haste to stop the coinage of silver. France limited her coinage secretly in 1873, openly in 1874, and stopped it altogether in 1876. The other countries were glad to escape in the same way from the agreement they had made to establish "a definite relationship between their gold and silver moneys."

Yet there was a much better opportunity to carry out this scheme in the case of the Latin Union than in the one now mooted in Washington. The Latin Union countries had a common currency at the start. They began with a legal ratio that was coincident with the market ratio. They were adjoining countries territorially, and they were, in point of intelligence, the equals of any nations in the world. They were not the colonies of any other countries, and hence were not obliged to take their decisions from distant masters whose action they could not anticipate. How different are the conditions of the peoples which it is now sought to link together in a monetary union. In the first place, the legal ratio which they wish to establish is that of 32 to 1, whereas the market ratio is far different, and fluctuating violently. The countries concerned are certainly not of a high range of intelligence, and only one of them can be properly called self-governing. Mexico is, in a sense, self-governing—that is, government is not imposed from without—but China can hardly be called such. The Philippines are governed at Washington, the Straits Settlements at London, and Tonquin at Paris. A monetary union to be made of such a hotch-potch is inconceivable. We have had one foretaste of its difficulties in the disagreement at Washington on the Philippine Currency Bill of last session and again in the present session. The new movement will amount to nothing except the salaries and expenses of the commissioners. Meanwhile, it will revive in this country the obfuscation and perversity on the subject of bimetallism for which we have paid, and are still paying, so dear.

The House Democrats voted, the other day, in favor of the gold standard for the Philippines, and all the Republicans, except the financial leaders, voted against it. That the "limping standard" bill proposed by the House Philippine Committee, and which was voted down by the House, was a part of the larger silver project brought forward by the Mexican and Chinese Ministers in Washington, appears from the fact that it is referred to in their communication to our Government under date of January 15. The House had not then taken action on the Philippine Currency Bill, but the Ministers of those two Governments said in their communication: "One such plan has already been proposed in both houses of the Congress of the United States with reference to the Philippine Islands." These Ministers do not call upon us to "*materially* change our currency system," but they hope that something may be done through our treatment of subsidiary coinage to bolster up the price of silver. Now, the only way we can do this is by resuming the purchase of silver bullion, whereas we have enough silver on hand to supply our wants for subsidiary coinage for a hundred years. Would it not add zest to the political campaign next year if the Republicans should be the party "bulling silver" and the Democrats should be contending for the single gold standard?

THE POWER OF THE SENATE.

"They [the Senators] call the offices *their* offices, not the country's offices; and the power of nomination *their* power, not the President's," says Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson in an interesting article in the *Century Magazine* on "The Overshadowing Senate." He shows very clearly how the increasing and dangerous power of "the Senate trade union" depends upon the right of vetoing Federal appointments. It is this control over the offices that makes every treaty and every administrative bill stand or fall by the bargain which the President can drive with the Senate—a bargain in which the advantage is always with the Senate; and it is again this power over the patronage that almost inevitably renders the Senators of a State its political bosses also; this gives them, too, power of political life and death over the Representatives. Thus the Senate has, on the one hand, the President by the throat, and on the other the lower house individually under its thumb; and it would be no great exaggeration to say that it lies with half a dozen of the older Senators to block any useful law or just treaty.

It is needless to say that the framers of the Constitution never intended to vest such power in the Senate. They imagined it not the virtual appointing power, but a reserve check upon a pos-

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sibly corrupt or inefficient President; not the treaty-making power, but simply the guarantor of a reasonable publicity and consultation in all foreign affairs; not the preponderating force in legislation, but one coördinate with the House of Representatives. Very likely the Federalists who shaped the Constitution foresaw and deliberately provided for a certain preponderancy of the "upper house." They must have seen that the long term of office, indirect election, and compactness of the Senate, meant stability and consequently influence. What they apparently did not foresee was that, while the Senate was to serve as a check upon the Executive and the popular house of Congress, and even, through the power of confirmation, upon the national judiciary, no effective check upon the Senate had been provided. At this point, apparently, the wise distrust in political human nature which had everywhere else actuated the fathers failed, and they planned a Senate as if there were never to be a Quay or an Aldrich, a Hanna or a Platt.

The exaggerated power of the Senate, as Mr. Nelson has very strikingly shown, comes from a silent conspiracy, which has only of late years been perfected, for the control of Federal appointments and of bills which favor a particular locality. It has come to be unwritten law that the majority party in the Senate will refuse to confirm an appointment to a Federal office in a given State if it be opposed by their party colleagues, the Senators from that State. The "system," as one would call it in speaking of the New York Police Department, has indeed a deplorable similarity to the "all for one and one for all" principle upon which police plunder was distributed in this city.

Of course, no reform of the Senate is likely to come about short of breaking this silent compact for patronage. This should not be a hopeless task, for the compact itself, in its present elaborated form, is of recent growth. Four or five fearless Senators could do much to shatter the unholy alliance. If even two Senators from a single State, realizing how petty and unworthy is this dealing in offices, would break the agreement and expose fearlessly every unjustified hold-up of a Presidential appointment, they would make the Senate chamber temporarily uncomfortable for themselves, but they would undoubtedly make it more uncomfortable for the "Senate trade union." An appeal to the Senate to drop pettifogging and small trading would be simply an appeal to reason, and it will always be in the power of a handful of generous statesmen to establish such an apostolic succession of statesmanship as now exists of office broking.

The difficulty about reform from within is that it is increasingly harder for high-minded statesmen to pass into the Senate. That body, under the present conditions, draws to itself chiefly the more presentable bosses and the mediocre sort of successful business men who fill the party chest and do the boss's bidding—"wealth unguided and uninformed, untempered by a patriotic and statesmanlike regard for the general welfare." When the real power of the Senate oligarchy is fully understood by the plain people, we shall probably have a Constitutional amendment and popular election of Senators. This will be no sovereign remedy for the ills we have spoken of, but it should at least improve the personnel of the Senate. Under such a system a Platt would have to present himself to the scrutiny of his unbought fellow-citizens. He could not slip back to the Senate through the perfunctory and joyless vote of the creatures whom he had made. Until this unquestionably remote and difficult measure of reform be attained, our hope must be first in better leadership in the House, in courage on the part of the President which shall make him say plainly "Thou art the man" to a Senator who wilfully opposes a fit appointment, a needful bill, or a just treaty; finally, in such concentration of public opinion upon the Senate that it shall be afraid to use wantonly the power it has acquired almost by chance. The preponderancy of the Senate, which carries with it certain advantages, will be in every way less alarming when it is more fully realized. Hence, the present duty of the press is to bring home on all occasions Senatorial responsibility for wrongdoing.

AUTHOR-CONGRESSMEN.

Adam Smith had a low opinion of the business capacity of authors as a class, but he never encountered the author-Congressman. When that member of the irritable genus drops into literature, he is apt to display a skill and a fertility of method which can only leave the ordinary writer wondering why he had never thought of such schemes, and whether he could bring himself to adopt them if he had. Gen. Grosvenor, whose unhappy attempt to write history instead of making it is just now exciting a good deal of unfeeling hilarity, might well have alleged illustrious precedents. Benton and Blaine, Cox and Sherman—were they not all author-Congressmen? And his object, too, not only was blameless, but has good literary warrant. If Scott wrote to build the pile at Abbotsford, why should not Congressman Grosvenor aspire to erect with his pen, not a monument more enduring than brass, but a plain brick house in Athens, Ohio—every brick, of course, being made by Americans for Americans, and laid by union labor?

With examples and aims thus honorable, it is a thousand pities that Gen. Grosvenor has been so misunderstood. It has been said, for example, that an unfortunate air of *de luxe* attaches to this son of the people when he puts out a volume which sells variously at from $25 to $250. But is there not, in this sliding scale itself, a fine considerateness? To the shorn lamb of Wall Street, Gen. Grosvenor handsomely tempers his wind down to $25. As for the rich whom he kindly selects as "patrons" and asks to give a trifle of $250 or $500 for a book whose contents foot up nearly 1,000 cubic inches, it is clearly not their money but their own good that Gen. Grosvenor desires. Books for the million exist in abundance, but where is there a supply of literature for millionaires? The Ohio Congressman has, we are convinced, wholly benevolent designs upon the unlettered wealthy. Let who will make the laws of a nation, is his obvious motto, provided that I may write the volume which will be found on the deck of every private yacht, and which will open the fairy world of literature to the neglected multi-millionaire.

Note, too, the adroit flexibility of Gen. Grosvenor's plan of bringing the comforts of historical composition home to the most despairing magnate. 'The Book of the Presidents' is his title—redolent of patriotism, fairly instinct with the old flag and an appropriation. But the name, like the book itself, is elastic. If you are yourself a President of a railway, or a Trust, or a Republican Club, how insinuating the suggestion that the work is not yet a finality, and that a blank page or two might yet be filled with your biography! It would be a mean-spirited financial nabob who would not pay well for the privilege of thus being jumbled up with Washington or McKinley—all Presidents in the "very miscellaneous assembly" of Gen. Grosvenor's heaven.

Indeed, the literary project of the Ohio Congressman seems to us so meritorious that we are puzzled at a certain timidity and evasiveness of his own in referring to it. At first, he had the usual lofty "nothing to say" to the reporters, who told him that some of his "patrons" considered themselves very much in the light of victims. Then he began to disavow all connection with the sale of the book. He had written it on contract, and there was an end of it, so far as he was concerned. Later, it appeared that he was a financial backer of the publishers—they had a name of which the trade was singularly ignorant. Gen. Grosvenor was "warning every one not to be taken in," telling the public that it "should beware and not buy"—this at the very time that his misinformed agent in this city (the gentleman elegantly known as "the Committee in Charge") was saying that the book was "intended to be a monument to Gen. Grosvenor," and that, of course, "the General's name is the whole thing"! Meanwhile, the *Evening Post* had printed facsimiles im-

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plying active, not to say pressing and impudent, interest in the work on the General's part down to a very recent date. To this he sets up the defence of forgery of his signature, and taxes that journal with sinister motives against himself, "a Republican and a protectionist."

On the whole, much as we value Congressman Grosvenor's unselfish intentions, we fear that he has made a mistake. A plain Ohio Representative should hardly have ventured into folio form and "high-art printing." It was sure to lead to misunderstandings. He should have recalled what Voltaire said about its not being the great tome but the little cheap brochure which was the fit tool of the political writer. And as regards brick for his house, he would have been wise to take a hint from Sydney Smith's advice to his vestry, who were debating how to lay a wooden-block pavement—"Just put your heads together, gentlemen, and the thing is done."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Audacity is sometimes, like wisdom, justified of her children; and Mr. Chamberlain's greatly daring plan of going to South Africa in person to confront the problems which the Colonial Office must solve there, has thus far been highly successful. If he is thought of merely as a consummate politician, the cleverness of this move of his cannot but be admired. Even at the Cape, he holds the centre of the stage in England. His speeches are cabled in full and read with breathless interest. His progress from city to city is followed with unflagging attention. While the Prime Minister has to nurse himself at home, and to bear the odium of the unpopular and blundering alliance with Germany, the Colonial Secretary goes on from victory to victory, and his prestige seems to be heightened just in the proportion that that of the Ministry as a whole declines.

It is as a statesman, however, that Mr. Chamberlain's labors in South Africa may fairly entitle him to be judged. If he is acting a part, it must be conceded that he is doing it with extraordinary ability, and deceiving even the very elect of his political opponents. His bearing and his proposals have won public praise for him from such stanch Liberals as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, and from men who form their judgments on other than party grounds, Liberals though they call themselves—such as Mr. Bryce, John Morley, and Augustine Birrell. Mr. Birrell, in a recent speech, said that Mr. Chamberlain's task was one which required "great courage," and that he had "worthily maintained the reputation he already enjoyed." Further, that the Liberal party would "in no way dishonor the obligations he might enter into in South Africa, always presuming that they had for their main object the peace and prosperity of that quarter of the globe."

Colonial Ministers seldom seek a first-hand knowledge of the colonies they administer. During all the years that Spain owned Cuba, for example, no Minister for *Ultramar* ever set foot in the island. One Colonial Minister did set out to visit Cuba, but the Cabinet fell while he was in transit, so that the first news he had on reaching Havana was that he was no longer in office. There were special reasons, however, in Mr. Chamberlain's case why he should wish to see the field in South Africa with his own eyes. The High Commissioner, Lord Milner, had made himself unpopular both with the loyal colonists and with the conquered but sullen foe. To supersede him would have had a bad effect, it was thought, but to take the reins out of his hands on the spot, as Mr. Chamberlain has quietly done, might lead to good results if a strong man assumed the control. And it was plainly a case where direct dealing with a member of the Government might have the happiest effect upon the discordant populations and conflicting interests which somehow must be welded into a workable whole in South Africa.

That Mr. Chamberlain has had remarkable success in conciliating local opinion and in advancing towards a final settlement, cannot be denied. In meeting the Boers, he has displayed signal tact without any loss of dignity. He has greeted them as brave men who had fought for what they believed the right, and whose hand every Englishman could now clasp with the readiness to let bygones be bygones. At the same time, he has preached the gospel of the British Empire with great fervor, declaring that all separatist tendencies must be for ever ended, whether at the Cape or in the Transvaal or Orange River. The natives he has told that they must work; the English colonists he has indoctrinated in the truth that brains will beat muscle; while the Dutch he has exhorted to contemplate absorption in the Empire as the greatest good that could befall them.

Aside from the triumphs of his personal reception, which have been great, Mr. Chamberlain achieved notable success in arriving at terms of financial settlement. Just how much the Transvaal was to pay, how the money was to be found to make good the ravages of the war, have been burning questions ever since peace was signed. As the exact proposals made by Mr. Chamberlain have been in dispute, we will quote his own words at Johannesburg on January 17:

> "We undertake to submit to Parliament a bill to guarantee a loan of thirty-five millions sterling on the security of the assets of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, which are being united for this purpose. I should describe it as an investment loan, for it will be devoted to paying the existing debts of the Transvaal, to buying the existing railways, to providing for the construction of new lines in the two new colonies. It will allow for the necessary expenditure upon public works, and will also provide for the land settlement.
>
> "The second part of the agreement is this: As soon as possible after the placing of the first loan, another loan of thirty millions will be issued, to be called up in annual instalments of ten millions. This loan will be treated as a war debt, secured on the assets of the Transvaal. There is no doubt in my mind, or in that of any of those with whom I have conferred, that the assets and revenues of the Transvaal will be ample to provide for the service of this debt; but as proof of their faith in the solvency of the country, that group of financiers who are specially connected with South Africa has undertaken to subscribe the first ten millions, and not to take any commission or any preferential security for the remainder of the loan. By this they have, in my opinion, rendered the success of the loan on the London market beyond all doubt."

Great as is the work already done in binding up the wounds of the war, a vast labor remains, and it will require much time. The enemies which Great Britain still has to overcome in South Africa are greed, indifference to the rights of the blacks, race hatreds, inordinate love of dominion. Those foes will not be wholly put down in Mr. Chamberlain's lifetime, for they represent a problem for the whole world, not merely for South Africa. But his course has thus far been so wisely chosen, his temper so conciliatory, and his plans so sagacious, that his tour in South Africa may be said to have made all the amends now in his power for the rash diplomacy which brought on the untold miseries of a needless war.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SALESROOM.

The public sale of a great art collection, like that of the late Henry G. Marquand last week, brings out certain principles, regulating the value of articles, which fall a little outside the scope of political economy. An auction sale of objects of art lacks certain features of the ordinary market, for a market presumes, on the part of buyer and seller, a pretty accurate knowledge of the present value of the thing sold. This is true at an art sale only of a small class of dealers and connoisseurs, and of them in a very limited degree. Prices are regulated by bidders who have no notion whatever of current values, and buy according to their means or their enthusiasm; while the situation is further complicated by the presence of agents who have unlimited orders to buy—directions which must be interpreted by the agent's audacity, and his confidence in the pertinacity of his principal.

These vagaries of the auction room are studied to better advantage in New York than anywhere else in the world. With us great art sales are still a rarity, and the custom of the auction room has not hardened into a code. An auction at Christie's, in London, or the Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, is like a battle according to military law. The non-professional bidder has been entirely eliminat-

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ed, and the combatants are impassive dealers who fight according to rule, sternly and without enthusiasm. Nobody knows whether the placid bidder whose every nod means hundreds of guineas or thousands of francs represents an American millionaire with a bottomless purse, a Russian museum, or simply his own sense of speculative values. An American auction, on the contrary, resembles a mêlée in which the regulars are always likely to retire in favor of confident collectors, casual contestants, or merely ignorant persons of wealth. It is these varying passions, disguised in Europe, but fully displayed in America, which make a sale like the recent one of great interest to the student of human nature.

The lover of art looks at the spectacle with somewhat different emotions. He feels, perhaps over-nicely, a certain indignity in making the choicest works of art the prize of the salesroom cock-pit. This feeling grows when he observes that the beauty—that is, the artistic worth—of an object bears only a remote relation to its price. This principle was frequently illustrated at the Marquand sale. For example, the mezzotint engravings after Reynolds brought, on an average, more (one reaching $1,300) than exquisite figurines of Grecian make, and (to take the class of prints by itself) perhaps five times as much as the price for Rembrandt's masterly etchings, or three times as much as Seymour Haden's most important plates. Again, speaking roughly by averages, the conscientious but quite uninspired architectural prints of Haig fairly equalled the Hadens, and left two very beautiful Whistlers well behind.

We shall not be accused of a prejudice against the delightful art of mezzotint engraving (nor, indeed, against the worthy craft of labored architectural etching) if we submit that no copy of a Reynolds, however sympathetic, and no portraiture of a modern cathedral, however faithful, is for a moment comparable to a fine Greek terracotta or a good example of our best modern painter-etchers—not to mention the slightest authentic tracing of Rembrandt's needle. And it should be noted that in this case it is not simple rarity—such as we see in the exaggerated prices paid for "peachblow" porcelain—that makes the less beautiful object command the higher price.

It would perhaps be possible to analyze that complex of the caprice of great collectors and the diplomacy of great dealers which constitutes a fashion in works of art. The moralist and the impecunious will fall back upon the comforting reflection that the fashion is almost always wrong—and always when at its height. There is a kind of law by which the unskilled always buy in the highest market. This is as true of the fashionable collector in the art market as it is of the outsider in the stock market. It is doubtful if a "record" price has often been paid for an object that is the best of its kind. The late Duc d'Aumale for that tiny panel, "The Three Graces," the National Gallery for the "Madonna degli Ansidei," and Mr. Morgan for the "Madonna with St. Anthony of Padua," have successively set the record for paintings by Raphael. Yet none of these pictures is of anything like Raphael's best quality. Similarly the British National Gallery, taking up tardily the Ruskinian fervor for Italian painting of the fifteenth century, paid its highest prices for the more dubious examples now on its walls.

The moral of all this, for such as are not collectors but lovers of art and disinterested observers of the battles of the auction rooms, is: Disregard the relatively more expensive and most abundantly advertised things, and concentrate upon those of middle state. It is there that the abiding things will usually be found. This is, of course, as right a rule for buyers as for onlookers. *In medio tutissimus ibis* seems to be the law of the auction room, as it is of life. It is a satisfaction, also, to remark, as each new auction sale emphasizes the transiency of the fashions of collectors, that artistic value is no more measured by price than is moral worth by the commercial registers.

CONNEMARA, LAND AND PEOPLE.

CONNEMARA, January, 1903.

In a single night, last week, forty thousand mackerel were caught outside the little harbor of Cleggan in Connemara. As the fish-dealers, by their arrangement with the Government, pay for all mackerel, at this season, at the rate of ten shillings per hundred, at least four hundred pounds was earned that night by not more than twenty rowboats. One fisherman admitted having cleared thirty pounds in the week. Yet the rare tourist who should drive through Cleggan would carry away an impression of what he might consider typical misery and squalor. The squalor and dirt are undeniable and are typical enough, for the money of the English and American fish-dealers that pours so freely into the hamlet finds its way into the half-dozen public houses that are conveniently near the little quay built by the Government. Of the ten houses in the little street, six are licensed to sell whiskey. On the morning after pay night last week a fisherman was found drowned within the quay wall under the very windows of the inn where he had been drinking. Nor are the opportunities of buying bad whiskey at a ruinous price likely to decrease while the local shopkeepers are in the majority as rural magistrates. For that is what local government means in Ireland—the predominance of the small shopkeeper, and the consequent withdrawal of the educated classes from local and national politics. In this part of Connaught the shopkeepers have gradually acquired from the country people the tenant-right of a great part of the land, and are beginning to form a middle class from which their descendants will emerge as gentry.

The present distribution of the land in Connemara is a good illustration of the inability of the Irish to keep their footing on their own ground. Half a century ago, the Martins were called the "Kings of Connemara," and boasted that their avenue was forty miles long, since the road for that distance passed through their land and led only to their castle of Ballynahinch. Not many years ago there was still legible over the west gate of Galway the inscription which the Martins and Joyces wrote there in the sixteenth century:

> "From the ferocious O'Flahertys
> Good Lord deliver us."

In those days Connemara, with its outlying islands, was still held by a few Irish chieftains who recognized no law and were well able to maintain their independence of English rule. They looked to Spain and the promised Armada to free them from the annoyance of the encroaching English, who had seized the fortified town of Galway. By land, the mountain passes and dangerous bogs made Connemara inaccessible to the invader. By sea, the pirate galleys of the famous O'Malleys were easily able to outwit the British cutters, which could not follow them through the intricate maze of islands lying off this dangerous coast. Spanish influence was paramount mainly through the prosperous trade of Galway with Spain, and it was not until the failure of the Armada that Connemara began to make terms with the English. "To hell or Connaught" was an oath still in vogue with the soldiers of Cromwell.

The "ferocious O'Flahertys" derived their epithet from their method of getting rid of rival chieftains by the simple Homeric device of inviting them with their retainers to dinner, and slaying them "as one kills an ox at the stall." They and the O'Malleys, with whom they intermarried, long since sold their lands to English owners and disappeared. The ruins of their sea stronghold in Bunown harbor are still a landmark. Though the Martins survive and have maintained their rank, their Castle of Ballynahinch (with the greater part of their vast estates) has passed by the inevitable steps into English hands. The castle of the D'Arcys, who founded Clifden, the capital of Connemara, stands empty, and is falling into the rapid decay that waits on neglect in this damp climate, where a house that stands empty for a year must be practically rebuilt to be habitable. The Joyces, who gave their name to a large tract still marked on the map as "Joyce's Country," are represented by some of the poorest cabin people. Throughout Connemara the same conditions hold. The landowners are English. Hence it is that there are no Catholic gentry, and that all the Catholics walk to one church on Sunday, and all the Protestants drive to another—one of the most significant sights of Irish country life.

This country is the paradise of the sportsman who prefers rough mixed shooting with a great variety of game to organized "drives." The sea and lake fishing is excellent, while the salmon rivers are the best in Ireland. Ireland is, as a whole, more given over to the delights of sport than any country in the world. A keen interest in hunting, racing, coursing, and all the minor forms of sport pervades

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every class of society. But to maintain a sporting estate in the west of Ireland one must not be dependent on a revenue from the soil. Fifty years ago, when the district was thickly populated and the rents were unfair to the tenant, the Irish landowner could live from the land; in these days of Land Bills, when the tenants are greatly reduced in number by emigration, and the rents are unfair to the landlord, he must have a fortune independent of his estates. The varied industries that are open to a thrifty worker in these parts are seldom properly estimated by the experts who are sent by the Government to adjust the rents. Every fifteen years, under the recent bill, a tenant may carry the question of his rent into the land courts; the expert comes down, and, being usually unaccustomed to local conditions, underestimates the possibilities of the holding, and the landlord loses still more of his much-reduced rental. The Irish of the peasant class love litigation and will seldom neglect the opportunity; the landlord has everything to lose. With the present conditions of dual ownership, by which the landlord cannot get rid of a tenant however undesirable so long as he pays his rent; with the ever-imminent prospect of some experimental Land Bill which will oblige him to sell on ruinous terms the best portions of his demesne, it is not surprising that a landowner in this part of Ireland regards the possession of land as a hazardous luxury. If a bill should be passed giving the tenants the option of buying the freehold at a few years' purchase, few landowners in this part of Ireland will remain on their estates, which will be ruined for the sporting purposes for which nature seems to have designed them. It is not surprising that, with this in view, those who can afford it have in some cases already bought out the tenant-right from their tenants, preferring a present certain loss to complications in the future. Compulsory purchase in Connemara would be a short-sighted policy for the tenants, because the landowners, who now provide them with regular work by which they eke out their holdings, would promptly desert a district which would provide them with neither income nor sport.

Meanwhile, the promised Land Bill is awaited here without much anxiety. With all his greed of land, the Connemara peasant knows too well that the presence of a landowner who spends money freely on building and improvements means more to him than a few more acres of poor grazing land. That is the reason of the failure of the Land League to gain converts in this district. The solitary "Land-Leaguer" in Cleggan is an object of some distrust and derision among the country people, while the priests, for once, are here, at any rate, on the side of order and the ultimate good of their people. W. C. F.

REBELL'S BALZAC, STENDHAL, AND MÉRIMÉE.—I.

PARIS, January 13, 1903.

It was a singular idea on the part of M. Hugues Rebell to find a bond of unity between the writers named in the catching title of his 'The Inspirers of Balzac, Stendhal, and Mérimée.' It must be declared at once that these inspirers are women; better than men they draw the attention of a frivolous public. The bond I have spoken of is thus defined in the short preface: "Pure chance did not unite these three figures. Though they understood and spent life in such different manners, they have this in common, that they sought nowhere but in themselves for their standard of morality, that they did not live for a crowd or for a group, but for the free development of their imagination, of their sensibility, of their intelligence." And the author adds at the end: "As love is the most vivid and complete passion, which employs all the energies of our being, it reveals better than any other the master faculty, the primordial soul which guides us from youth to death. The pages which it suggests to our writers will help us, better than any document, to imagine their souls."

M. Rebell studies Balzac not only in his novels, but also in the two volumes of his Correspondence. During all his life, Balzac had female correspondents. He confides to an unknown lady, who signs merely Louise, his troubles, his hopes, as if she were an old friend. Madame de Berny had a great place in his life; she had a real devotion for him. When Balzac was in serious money troubles she helped him with her own money, and induced his family and friends to pay the debts of the printing-office which Balzac had imprudently bought. "For twelve years," writes Balzac, "an angel robbed the world, her family, her duties . . . of two hours, which she spent with me, nobody knowing anything about it—two hours, do you hear? Without her I should have died." Balzac was the confidant of Madame de Berny's troubles—the ill conduct of a son, the madness of a daughter, the brutality of a husband. He painted her under the name of Madame de Mortsauf. "Madame de Berny," writes Balzac afterwards to Madame Hanska (who became his wife), "was not young; and, believe me, youth and beauty are something. My dream at that time was incomplete." It was in order to please Madame de Berny that in some of his novels he pleaded the cause of faded beauties, of the "femme de trente ans." Madame de Berny was the daughter of Hinner, who played the harp for Marie Antoinette. After the death of her husband, Madame Hinner married the Chevalier de Jarjayes, one of the men who plotted to save the Queen. Madame de Berny was naturally thrown into royalist society; she knew the Duras, the Castries, the Fitz-James; she rendered Balzac familiar with the feelings, the traditions, of the aristocratic part of France, and she thus furnished him many useful documents for his novels, and probably helped to form his politics, if Balzac can be said to belong to a political party.

We will not speak of several ladies whose names are given by M. Rebell, as they seem to have had very little influence on Balzac's mind. It was not so with the Duchess de Castries, whom he painted under the name of Duchess de Langeais. "She was," says M. Rebell, "perhaps, of all his friends, the one who inspired him with the truest and most human passion." She was a tall woman, with magnificent blond hair, with a Roman and somewhat hard profile; ironical, proud, with much coquetry and some impertinence, having, by contrast, in her eyes, like most invalids, something tender and beseeching." She had had a bad fall on the hunting-field, and had to spend most of her time on a sofa. After having read the 'Peau de Chagrin,' she wished to know the author, and Balzac soon became one of the visitors at the Hôtel de Castries, in the Rue de Varennes. This acquaintance was an event in his life. He continued to work as hard as ever, but he became more worldly, bought two carriages, took two male domestics. He followed his friend to the waters of Aix. Their friendship, to use the words of Madame de Sévigné, was interrupted by storms (*la grande amitié vit de querelles*). Balzac wrote to Madame Zulma Carraud, his constant and devoted friend:

"I have come here for much and for little; for much, as I see a gracious, amiable person; for little, as I shall never be loved by her. . . . She is the finest type of woman, a better Madame de Beuaséant [one of Balzac's heroines]; but are not all these pretty ways assumed at the expense of the soul? I say to myself that a life like mine ought not to be tied to a woman's petticoat, that I must follow my destiny."

The acquaintance ended in a sort of worldly and somewhat dissatisfied and disappointed friendship. Two years after a small incident which had caused some coldness between them, he wrote to her, in answer to a letter of compliments which she had written him:

"You have added a little bitterness to what you have the goodness to say to me regarding my book. I should have preferred to have you look upon my book and my pen as things belonging to you, rather than to receive such eulogies. But I cannot tell you all my soul—it would perhaps astonish you; it would need some veils and some leisure, and I must, poor workman as I am, return to my work. I hear the bell in my cloister, and I must finish for the Review the picture of a sentiment so great in itself that it can resist perpetual wear; it is a spring at which ingratitude can drink without ever drying it."

The relation of Madame Hanska with Balzac began, as was usual with him, with a letter. It came from Odessa, and was followed by many others, all written in relation to his works. It was a somewhat factitious correspondence; but Balzac was a man of imagination. The unknown lady gave him a rendezvous at Neuchâtel; he saw her there, and persuaded himself that he had found a successor to Madame de Castries, a new inspirer. She belonged to the Polish nobility, had been married to Count Wenceslas of Hanski, and had a young child named Anna. The Count was very wealthy, but was twenty years older than herself, and of a disagreeable character. She spent the greater part of the year in a château in the Ukraine. Balzac was more fortunate with Madame Hanska than he had been with Madame de Castries. When she returned to Poland, he wrote to her incessantly. He idealized her, called her his star, his adored mistress; but he often had nothing to say to her—the correspondence was almost a fatigue. He wrote eighteen hours every day, and was proud to say so. He described to Madame Hanska the incidents of his toil, of his struggles. One day, when he had found 6,000 francs at his bookseller's, he says: "I am free for the day; my payments are being made; I am tranquil for a month. *Ecco, signora*, my very faithful spouse, don't I owe you this faithful picture of your ménage in Paris?"

Count Hanski at times became uneasy, and Balzac had to contrive special letters in which he explained that his letters to

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his wife were mere literary compositions, which she asked for. When the Count died, his wife became free. She had promised Balzac to marry him. Thirteen years had elapsed; the passion of the first days in Switzerland had had time to cool down. Balzac was struggling constantly with his creditors; he had to flee from house to house in Paris, sometimes to conceal himself absolutely under a false name. His dramas had no success. Madame Hanska did not seem in a great hurry, and found many pretexts for adjourning her marriage. The Emperor of Russia would not give his consent, which was necessary; she could not separate herself from her children. She put off her engagements when she had promised to meet him. Balzac was determined, however, to marry Madame Hanska. He interrupted his work (he was writing the 'Paysans,' a masterpiece which, through the fault of Madame Hanska, remained unfinished), and left twice for Poland. He was suffering from heart disease; Madame Hanska received him politely, took care of him, finally took pity on him. The marriage was celebrated on the 14th of March, 1850, in the Church of Sainte-Barbe of Berditcheff.

He returned to Paris with his wife at the end of May, and established himself in a little pavilion in the Rue Fortuny, which he had bought after some happy speculation, but which was not wholly paid for, though he had filled it with pictures and other works of art and curiosities. His malady was making rapid progress; he had constant suffocations. He could no longer write or even open a book. Madame Hanska was not at his dying bedside, and had not been with him in the latter part of his life. M. Rebell is very hard upon her.

"What had passed?" he asks. "We don't know; but let us admit that Balzac had been unjust and unkind to his wife—was not his malady, were not his sufferings, sufficient excuses . . . ? The attention which the lowest of creatures, which perhaps Madame de Castries, would have been happy to render, because she had a woman's heart—this cold and heartless creature . . . refused to bestow on him. . . . The page in which Victor Hugo denounces her is immortal; immortal also are the letters to the 'Étrangère.'"

She was, indeed, an "étrangère" to Balzac, and his marriage with her was an error on both sides. A literary correspondence, carried on for years, is not a proper introduction to conjugal life. This is perhaps the moral to be drawn from the very imperfect and, in many senses, shallow work of M. Rebell. Men of genius are but poor lovers; they are constantly carried out of the ordinary paths of life; they are the slaves of their own work. Few are so fortunate as to find a companion in life ready to sink her own personality in her husband's, to identify herself with him like a shadow. Balzac's case is particularly painful, as he had bound himself to an almost superhuman task, and as his nature was so complex, so mixed with noble and with coarse elements, as to be a problem even to himself.

Correspondence.

CONTENTIOUS PUBLIC "DOCUMENTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may safely be assumed that, in ordering the printing of certain public documents, Congress has not intended to stir up religious and historical strife, but in two recent instances such results are likely to follow. The usual reason for ordering the printing of miscellaneous publications as "documents" at public expense is to provide something attractive for members to distribute to their friends and followers, or to meet the demand of some constituent or constituents of a member.

What is known as "Thomas Jefferson's Testament" belongs in the first class, and Senate executive document No. 37 of the third session of the Forty-first Congress belongs in the second class. Of the first-named work, Congress at last winter's session ordered 9,000 copies to be printed, and of the second the Senate, on the 15th of January instant, ordered a reprint of "2,500 additional copies" "for the use of the Senate."

Of the first it is only necessary to say that it is an edition of the New Testament expurgated by a Freethinker, and with a preface to be written by a Jew. Though the Freethinker was one of the Fathers of the Republic, and though the Jew is both scholar and gentleman, it is not to be believed that either of them would have been chosen by Christians to edit or preface a book which the churches hold to be sacred, and which is the foundation of belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Few have read the expurgation, but the general understanding is that it edits all the divinity out of the New Testament. Protests against its official publication by the Government have already been made by some religious bodies, and in consequence the member who introduced the resolution which led to its publication tried to have it rescinded, but he did not succeed. If numerous protests do not follow the actual publication of the "document," if document it can be called, it will be strange indeed.

Senate Document 37, first printed in 1871, is now to be reprinted, in all probability because of a controversy over the Marcus Whitman legend which has been running along in the pages of the *Sunday-School Times*, of Philadelphia, for some months past. Notwithstanding the utter obliteration of the legend by Prof. E. G. Bourne, in his 'Essays in Historical Criticism,' the controversy in the *Sunday-School Times* has revealed the fact that there are in Oregon descendants of the early missionaries who adhere to it, and it is very likely that they made the request for the reprint, as the resolution for it, which the Senate considered by unanimous consent and passed without a dissenting voice, was introduced by an Oregon Senator. The probability of the reprint having been ordered at the request of the Oregon adherents of the legend is made greater by the fact that there is a collateral legend to the effect that when Document 37 was published, Catholics secured all the copies and destroyed them.

Document 37 is the H. H. Spalding collection of stories in which the legend that Dr. Whitman made his famous ride across the continent in the winter of 1842-3 to "save Oregon" from British annexation (instead of to save his mission station from closure by the American Board) first appeared in tangible and permanent form. It had previously been published by the Rev. Mr. Spalding in the *Pacific* newspaper of San Francisco, but not even there till many years after the ride and many years after Dr. Whitman's murder by the Indians. In Document 37 Mr. Spalding also reiterates the charge previously made in newspaper publications that the Catholic missionaries in Oregon instigated the murder of Dr. Whitman and his family by the Cayuse Indians in 1847. To this exceedingly offensive and injurious charge the Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, Vicar-General of Walla-Walla, replied in 1853, in a series of papers first printed in the *Freeman's Journal* of New York, and later in the same year in a pamphlet entitled 'Protestantism in Oregon,' published in New York. This pamphlet was also published as a public document of the United States by both the Senate and the House. It is appended to a report of J. Ross Browne, Indian agent in Oregon, beginning at page 13 and extending to page 66. The document is numbered 38 in the House series, and 40 in the Senate series, both of the Thirty-fifth Congress, first session. The date of the order for printing is March 31, 1858. A second edition of Father Brouillet's pamphlet was published in Portland, Oregon, 1869, under the title, 'Authentic Account of the Murder of Dr. Whitman and Other Missionaries by the Cayuse Indians of Oregon, in 1847, and the Causes which led to that Deplorable Catastrophe.' It is altogether probable that the Catholics will wish to have another edition of Brouillet's book, or of something else, printed as a "document" at public charge to offset the reprint of the Spalding stories. The Spalding document also attributes the instigation to the Hudson Bay Co.

Why should the Government print again a document of which it has already published refutations? The Government did not publish Professor Bourne's criticism; this was, however, read at the 1900 meeting of the American Historical Association, which is to a certain extent a Government institution, as all its proceedings and papers are published as public documents. Professor Bourne chose instead to have his paper printed in the *American Historical Review* (January, 1901), and afterward expanded it into the form in which it appears in his 'Essays in Historical Criticism.' But at the same 1900 meeting of the American Historical Association, Mr. William I. Marshall of Chicago read an equally damaging criticism of the Whitman legend, and this was printed in the Report of the Association as a public document. It is to be found in Volume I. of House document 548, Fifty-sixth Congress, second session. An earlier refutation was published by Mr. H. M. Beadle of Washington in the October, 1899, number of the *American Catholic Historical Research* of Philadelphia.

Dr. Whitman was murdered in 1847, Missionary Spalding died in 1874, Missionary Brouillet died in 1884. Why should they not be permitted to sleep in peace, at least so far as the Government is concerned? Ross Browne, in his report to which the Brouillet pamphlet is appended, says that the early missionaries in Oregon spent more time and effort in quarrelling with each other than they did in caring for the well-being of the Indians. Is it not rather late for the Government to take part in those old quarrels and reopen wounds which only time and silence can heal?

F. A. CRANDALL.

WASHINGTON, January 28, 1903.

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THEORY AND INVESTIGATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Richman's study of 'Rhode Island,' of which a very discriminating review recently appeared in the columns of the *Nation*, is an unusually interesting instance of the relation between "theory" and "investigation." It is not always easy to judge, from internal evidence, in the case of any given book, whether (to use your reviewer's language) "the theory" is "the result of the investigation," or "the investigation the result of the theory"; and in those instances where the latter condition is true, it will usually be found that the subject is one which has long exercised a predominating influence over the writer's mind, for any one of several reasons. Either he has long resided in the locality to be studied (such as, in this instance, Rhode Island might be); or the insidious influence of "ancestor worship" has in some way linked him to this locality; or the course of study to which he has been directed by his college instructor has overwhelmingly fixed his attention on that field.

In Mr. Richman's case, not a single one of these conditions was operative, and it is difficult to conceive how there could be a more pronounced example of the opposite extreme. The author in this case is a man well towards middle life, who was born in Iowa, nearly a thousand miles away from Rhode Island, and had never been in this State until he came here in 1900 to begin his investigations. Among his ancestors there is not a single Rhode Island family, and not even a single New England family. Of the State and its history he knew as little as it is possible for one to know of any one of the forty-eight United States; and his interest was fully on a level with his knowledge until a chance remark by Mr. Bryce, made in conversation about six years ago, led him to turn his thoughts in that direction. In brief, his mind, so far as the theory subsequently developed is concerned, was, up to the time of undertaking the investigation, a true "tabula rasa."

Students of historical method will remember a noteworthy address on Ranke by his pupil, Dr. von Sybel, published in the *Historische Zeitschrift* in July, 1886, which indicates with marked lucidity the necessity for avoiding the "subjective" point of view, which persistently tends to mingle itself with one's conceptions, in dealing with historical questions. Whether Mr. Richman has ever met with this paper of Dr. von Sybel, I cannot say; but a recent statement which this American writer has made as to the sequence of "theory" and "investigation" in the processes of his work, shows that he is thoroughly in accord with the German writer's principles. It reads as follows:

"The narrative part was finished before I began to group the philosophy implicit therein. I finished the narrative, and then, on revising it, began to understand its philosophical significance. This so struck me that I went back over my work, and, without bending it at all, merely pointed out its teaching. This, it seems to me, is exactly what the historical investigator should do—study his facts, and *then*, if he finds meaning therein, announce it."

So far as the work of investigation itself is concerned, Mr. Richman's procedure was thorough to the last degree. At great expense to himself he came to Rhode Island, and made his residence in the State for many months at a time, in two successive years. For reasons which are obvious, he came in contact, while here, rather with custodians of the sources of information (in libraries and manuscript collections, and similar places) than with those who were intimately associated with one or another view of Rhode Island history. Those who talked with him usually recognized the extremely interesting nature of his problem, and, while withholding nothing from him (not even personal opinions, on occasion), of course made no effort to impress any one view of the subject upon him.

What has been said above, in regard to "theory," has reference almost wholly to the "theory of political individualism" which characterizes the completed book. There are various subordinate historical studies involved in the book, all of which are of great interest, including the tracing of an analogy with one of the Swiss cantons, in chapter x. So fully had Mr. Richman's earlier studies, as embodied in his very original volume on 'Appenzell,' turned his attention in this direction, that he would doubtless himself hasten to admit that here his mind could hardly have been the "tabula rasa" which it was in relation to the "main theory."

This contrast, however, only serves to bring into stronger relief the noteworthy character of the book as concerns the development of the main theory, above indicated.

WILLIAM E. FOSTER.

PROVIDENCE PUBLIC LIBRARY, January 27, 1903.

WHITTIER NEWSPAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reply to the inquiry of Prof. G. R. Carpenter, I state that the only file of the *Middlesex Standard* known to have been preserved for the six months during which it was edited by John G. Whittier, who then (1844-1845) lived in Lowell, is now in the possession of the Lowell Historical Society, having been bequeathed to it by the late Zina E. Stone. The papers afterwards published by Mr. Whittier in the book entitled 'The Stranger in Lowell' first appeared in the *Middlesex Standard*, which was published weekly. The file is in one volume, and is in the Society's library in Memorial Hall, Lowell.

CHARLES COWLEY.

LOWELL, January 26, 1903.

Notes.

Mr. J. M. Dent is making as complete a collection of the letters of Charles Lamb as possible for publication, and will be grateful to collectors in America who will allow him to have transcripts of their possessions made and forwarded. Communications may be addressed to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., 29 and 30 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, London.

Henry Stevens, Son & Stiles, London, have in preparation facsimiles of the recently discovered Waldseemüller map of 1507 and the Carta Marina of 1516, with a geographical and historical introduction by Professors von Wieser and Fischer. The number of copies will be limited. Each map is on twelve large sheets, which, if put together, would approximate the dimension of 8 by 4½ feet.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will shortly bring out "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as first in a series of literal reprints of the plays in the First Folio Shakspere of 1623, to be edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and produced in modern type at the De Vinne Press. The same firm announces 'Down the Orinoco in a Canoe,' by Señor Perez Triana.

Proximate publication of the following works is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons: Émile Boutmy's 'The English People,' translated by Elsie English; 'Buddhist India,' by T. W. Rhys-Davids; and 'Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule, 712-1764,' by Prof. Stanley Lane-Poole.

Brentano's will soon have ready a work in Danish, 'Of America,' by Carl Fischer-Hansen.

'The Western Slope,' a small volume of essays by Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, is in the press of William S. Lord, Evanston.

Mr. Charles Welsh, recently with D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, is at work on a 'Key of the Treasure House' (*alias* "The Young Folks' Library" of his compilation).

There must be a law of concurrent publication which gives us this season, for example, FitzGerald, Carlyle, and Webster revivals, and brings to our table at once two handy editions of Jane Austen in five volumes. That of Macmillan Co. is chiefly distinguished, apart from Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction, by the illustrations of Hugh Thomson, and reproduces at lower cost the first output some half-a-dozen years ago. The Messrs. Putnam's edition has a nearly identical typography, measure for measure, yet makes up into somewhat thicker volumes, more elaborately decorated externally (and in very good taste), while the inner covers have been ingeniously employed by Miss Blanche MacManus for bird's-eye-view maps of the actual face of England as involved in Miss Austen's tales, and of the supposed neighborhood in each case. This is an excellent idea, particularly for the sake of readers whose sense of orientation is defective, and who need something more than the author's own grasp of her topography.

Twenty-one years have elapsed since we passed judgment on Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse's historical novel, 'John Inglesant,' which, with all its shortcomings, we found a remarkable first book, worthy of a permanent place in romantic fiction, especially for its Italian portion. "Philosophical romance" is the term which the author prefers for these "Memoirs of the Life of Mr. John Inglesant, sometime servant to King Charles I.," etc. He has now renewed its appeal to the cultivated public in a limited three-volume edition of most generous make, bound in green silk, and printed in large type (Macmillan Co.). Mr. Shorthouse's portrait, after a portrait by Sandys, is prefixed to volume one. No doubt in its new form the story will find a hospitable welcome even from possessors of the old.

From the same publishers, in conjunction with George Bell & Sons, comes a three-volume reissue of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' edited with a brief introduction and notes corrective and explanatory in moderation by the historian, John Holland Rose. Mr. Rose has something useful and novel to reveal as to the genesis

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of the work in Carlyle's early French studies, and his criticism is independent if not exhaustive; but he is in the main an admirer. He thinks that Mill's accidental destruction of the first part of the MS., necessitating rewriting, worked a gain to the narrative, if severely straining Carlyle's physical powers. The large type of this reprint needed more liberal "leading," and the page is formidably compact. A marked feature is the reduced copies of contemporary prints, mostly taken from the 'Tableaux Historiques de la Révolution Française,' with numerous portraits. We shall presently have occasion to discuss the permanent value of the 'French Revolution' in connection with Mr. Fletcher's edition.

The posthumous publication of the late Henry Sidgwick's lectures is continued in a volume on 'The Ethics of T. H. Green, Herbert Spencer, and J. Martineau' (Macmillan), which constitutes the critical outworks of the system embodied in his well-known 'Methods of Ethics,' and exhibits his talent for lucid statement and scrupulous candor to conspicuous advantage. The criticism of Green is rightly put in the forefront: it is the most searching, most valuable, and, it must be added, most damaging. Sidgwick begins by exposing the lack of connection between Green's metaphysics of the eternal self-consciousness and his ethics, and continues by censuring the confusion of his psychology, the inaccuracy of his history, the vagueness and practical uselessness of his moral ideal, and the unfairness and ignorance of his polemics. Altogether, though it is marked by occasional touches of an acerbity to which it must have been hard to provoke Sidgwick's mild wisdom, this criticism must be pronounced to leave little, if any, foundation for the reputation of the confused and singularly overrated thinker whom it dissects. In dealing with Spencer, Sidgwick is chiefly concerned to point out the incomplete fusion in his thought between utilitarian and evolutionist tendencies, and to show that in point of fact more ethical guidance is derived from the former; but he is also very successful in tracing many of Spencer's distinctive doctrines, *e. g.*, his individualism and anti-militarism, to their foundations in his personal sympathies. As against Martineau, Sidgwick contents himself with showing that his intuitionism cannot either claim the support of common sense or solve the actual problems of morals. The volume has been edited by Miss Constance Jones, and has prefixed to it an excellent analysis of the whole argument.

An important legal publication, just completed in three volumes, is Prof. J. H. Beale, jr.'s 'Selection of Cases on the Conflict of Laws' (Cambridge: The Harvard Law Review Publishing Association). This collection is the result of a seven years' experience in teaching the conflict of laws, and, if we are not mistaken, is the only one of its kind. Mr. Beale's volumes divide the topic into four parts: First, we have the jurisdiction of states—the extent of their legislative and judicial power, and of the obligation and right of individuals to obey and take advantage of the legislation of one or another state. "These are questions of *international law*, which should properly be decided in every country in the same way." Second, the creation of legal rights and obligations, as a result of the sovereign action of states; here the questions involved are "rather questions of foreign fact than of law." Next comes the recognition and enforcement within one state of rights and obligations which have been created in another state—a question, according to Mr. Beale, "not in any sense international," but "to be determined in accordance with the municipal law of the state concerned." Finally, "there remains to determine the legal process by which, if at all, the foreign right shall be enforced; also obviously a municipal question." It may be inferred that Mr. Beale repudiates the term "private international law" as inadequate and misleading. The volumes contain many notes, and are an important addition to the literature of the subject.

'Racquets, Tennis, and Squash,' by E. H. Miles (D. Appleton & Co.), is an excellent exposition of these games. Mr. Miles is a champion at all three sports, and has written entertainingly of the details of each. There is in the book much instruction for novices and experts, and it is the most comprehensive work on the subject ever written.

The *Library Journal* for January foots up Mr. Carnegie's library benefactions in America during the past year at $4,214,000; in Great Britain at not less than $1,500,000. If we thought that these six millions bestowed on Pennsylvania alone would have ensured that State's being lifted out of the slough of Quayism, we could almost regret with Governor Pennypacker that home-made wealth did not stay at home. But communities cannot be made moral by public libraries alone.

Among the historical manuscripts published in the January Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is one from David Howell to the Hon. John Brown, dated Providence, January 26, 1801, giving his reasons at length for not supporting Aaron Burr for the Presidency. He is not known to the people of Rhode Island, and his "Character as given by his Friends is that of Ambition Enterprize and Activity." Mr. Jefferson will not show partiality in the distribution of "publick Appointments"; but "If Mr Burr succeeds, will the Northern share of Loves and Fishes reach farther than in and about New York?" Mr. Brown warns his correspondent that the election of Burr may cause a "proper Fire of Discontent, if that Fire should blaze out and rage, if convulsions take place, who can tell where the Evil may terminate?" Captain Henry Bates, of an American schooner which has been "capturd by a Bermidian Privateer Sloop mounting 3 Carage Guns" and carried into the "Burmudas," writes from thence August 20, 1795, to his owners. The cause of the seizure was that "they consider the Windward French Islands to be in a State of Blockade. Which is not the case, as the British Forces is withdrawn from them Islands 2 weeks before I arrived there." He intends to "claim the Property & stand tryal in order to have the Priviledge of apealing to the Court of Britain hereafter, if you should think proper," and closes an indignant epistle with "I should not have Room to tell you how many Insults we americans are obliged to submitt to at this place."

In an interesting review of the commercial and industrial condition of Germany, in the Consular Reports for January, Consul-General Mason says that the recovery from the financial depression of the past few years seems definitely to have begun. This is due almost wholly to the active foreign trade, in which the United States leads in the imports and is third in the exports; the adverse balance in favor of this country being $156,189,800. The underlying cause of the depression was the enormous transfer of productive labor from agriculture to industries within the past twenty years, which changed the whole economic balance of the Empire and resulted in a vast overproduction of many kinds of merchandise and an underproduction of food materials. Other subjects treated are the automobile trade in foreign countries and the regulations in vogue for the use of this vehicle, the new Japanese tariff, which takes effect April 1, and the foreign investments of France. These amount to six thousand million dollars, of which nearly a quarter has been loaned to Russia for the building of the Trans-Siberian and other railroads. The investments in this country are $115,800,000. The consul at Toronto gives some account of recent peat-fuel operations in Canada, in which are some timely words of caution, drawn from Canadian experiences, to persons proposing to utilize peat-beds.

While gold mining and missionary effort occupy the minds of most Americans in Korea, so that the tiny empire is far from being a theme overwritten, the *Korea Review* appears promptly, the number for November, 1902, treating luminously of taxation and astrology. Professor Hulbert's 'History of the Korean Nation' has reached the Japanese invasion of 1592, and shows how jealousy among Hidéyoshi's generals wrecked his ambitious scheme of reaching China. Very remarkable is the fully accredited episode of the Korean iron-clad, built for speed, able to overtake anything else, and which destroyed the second Japanese fleet. To this day the people of Ko-sung village annually celebrate with a regatta the exploits of the Korean Admiral Yi and his "Tortoise Boat." Lieut. Foulke, U. S. N., in 1884 wrote that the ribs of the giant craft were still visible in the sand. In connection with the elaborate historical studies of this same period in Japan, in the *Japan Mail*, under the title of "The Christian Daimyo," the student and general reader is now well furnished.

An application for leave to open a public library in Constantinople was recently made to the Minister of Public Instruction. He refused permission on the ground that the books, of which a list of some ten thousand had been furnished him, were immoral and "dangerous for the Sultan." La Fontaine's "Fables" especially were objected to from their frequent references to the lion as the king of beasts, which, it was urged, "would be regarded as degrading to the kingdom and insulting to the Sultan."

In the Anglo-Abyssinian treaty recently concluded at Adis Ababa, the Emperor Menelek makes an important concession in return for an increase of territory in the southwest. This is an engagement "not to construct, or allow to be constructed, any work across the Blue Nile, Lake Tsana, or the Sobat which would arrest the flow of their waters into the Nile." The significance to Egypt of this agreement lies in the fact that not only does the largest part of the supply of the main stream come from

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these sources, but the Blue Nile, which rises in Lake Tsana, sends down incomparably more fertilizing waters to Egypt than the White Nile. It makes possible the carrying out of the irrigation scheme, proposed by Sir William Garstin and endorsed by Lord Cromer, for converting the lake into a great reservoir, thus adding materially to the cultivable land in the Nile valley. The industrial and commercial development of this region is also promoted by the lease of territory on the Baro River to the Government of the Sudan for a commercial station, and the permission "to construct a railway through Abyssinian territory to connect the Sudan with Uganda."

—*Scribner's* opens its promised series on the Government of the United States with a paper, by James Ford Rhodes, on the Presidential office, already noticed in our editorial columns. It may be added that Mr. Rhodes seems not to have revised the view of Van Buren expressed in his 'History,' though one can hardly see how the old attitude of contempt is possible since the publication of Mr. Shepard's biography of Van Buren in the American Statesmen Series. Edith Wharton comes to the defence of Milan against the indifference, or contempt, of the stock tourist. She finds the city "rich in all that makes the indigenous beauty of Italy, as opposed to the pseudo-Gothicisms, the trans-Alpine points and pinnacles, which Ruskin taught a submissive generation of art critics to regard as the typical expression of the Italian spirit." She will have none of the purely Germanic idea of the picturesque, "connoting Gothic steeples, pepper-pot turrets, and the huddled steepness of the northern burgh," as against the Latin ideal of space, order, and nobility of composition. Connolly's description of the "Running to Harbor" of the Gloucester mackerel fleet in a gale has much more of pleasurable excitement in it than his recent account of modern whale chasing, which ends with the firing of an explosive bomb into the whale's vitals from a machine gun. In "The Field of Art," Henry Rutgers Marshall pleads earnestly for more attention to æsthetics in our colleges and universities.

—We have spoken of the Poe-Chivers papers, in the *Century*, as of no great importance. The second instalment, in the February number, brings out rather more of Poe than the former, but Dr. Chivers himself does not improve on further acquaintance. It would be strange to find any other admirer of Poe using such language as, "Poe stole everything that is worth anything from me," and, "Do you conscientiously believe 'The Raven' is to be named in the same century with 'The Vigil'?" But Dr. Chivers is *capable de tout*, even saying of one of his own volumes, which William Gilmore Simms had criticised, "There is not a poem in that book that is not *per se* a work of Art—a work of Art not only as an Art-work, but *fortuitously* so—the Existere of it being coeternal with its Esse. This the glorious Poe saw in my first book, but he was too full of envy to express it *fully*," etc., *ad nauseam*. To such a man the world was, of course, full of "biped Asses," "miserable wretches," "two-legged serpents" waylaying his path to poison him with "the harmless venom of their polluted lips." Why, there were even "Asses in this very county who are fools enough to persuade their pitiful souls that a man born in Wilkes cannot write poetry." But "Magnus [*sic*] est veritas et prevalebit." Henry Loomis Nelson writes of "The Overshadowing Senate," closing fitly with the words of Lord Bute, "The forms of a free and the ends of an arbitrary government are things not altogether incompatible." Frank Wilbert Stokes contributes a paper on the Aurora Borealis, as a setting for the reproduction of four of his own paintings, from displays witnessed during various arctic cruises about ten years ago. All things considered, the pictures doubless deserve commendation, but no painter's brush will ever reproduce the aurora. The editor, writing of "Nature and Human Habitation," pays a deserved tribute to the late Charles Eliot, landscape architect, the son of President Eliot of Harvard.

—Mr. William Morton Payne's third volume of essays, entitled 'Various Views' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.), is, like its predecessors, made up of thirty leading articles written for the Chicago *Dial*, of which he is editor. Mr. Payne's essays are the fruit of a wide and intimate acquaintance with modern literature. They are neat and suggestive, if not brilliant, and are always well worth reading. They are usually inspired by some passing tendency in literature, or by another's critical utterances, which Mr. Payne takes as a text either to amplify or to refute. They would be excellent as short sermons from a literary pulpit, because they always make their point with a neat logic that would be effective in oratory of the quiet type. A modern essayist is known by his quotations, the precious stones of the craft of criticism. Writers of the purely anthological essay, like Miss Repplier, set them in tinsel. Mr. Payne's setting is always sober and well wrought, and, if anything, errs on the side of dignity; the length of his sentences lending a certain monotony to his style.

—Monotony of quite another type pervades the essays of Mr. Gelett Burgess ('The Romance of the Commonplace,' San Francisco: Elder & Shepard), a monotony of empty verbiage, which we have searched in vain for some utterance, some view of life out of the common, that would justify the admirable get-up of the volume. One learns to distrust the exquisite parchment backs and beautiful paper and print in which certain minor writers of the day enshrine every passing thought. Mr. Burgess tells us that he is "all of a shiver with shame" at laying his "character and temperament so bare." The essays were begun in the *Lark* and continued in the safe seclusion of the *Queen*. One does not look for the imaginative eye in a persistent reader of the latter journal, and the attempt "to educate the British Matron and Young Person" by training their outlook on the commonplace might task a Stevenson. Of Stevenson we do, indeed, meet a feeble echo in these pages, in such essays as "The Manual Blessing" or "The Uncharted Sea"; but the pretensions of Mr. Burgess are too plainly revealed for art. "It was hard, indeed," he says, in his introduction, "to know when to stop, but, ragged as are my hints, I hope that in all essentials I have covered the ground and formulated the main rules of the Game of Living" (p. 3). After this the philosophy of Stevenson and the wit of Charles Lamb would hardly meet the expectations of the reader. Mere liveliness of style is inadequate for an exposition of the philosophy of life. Nor is Mr. Burgess's English beyond reproach. At the close of the essay on "Dining Out," which, if the readers of the *Queen* take their social hints to heart, must have revolutionized English suburban dinner parties, Mr. Burgess writes, "You would better not invite me anyway, for though I am no comet, yet I admit I would be mad enough to upset the claret purposely rather than have nothing exciting happen!" The use of "would" for "should" and the phrase "would better" are characteristic of Mr. Burgess, and would ruin the chances of a more subtle philosophy than his, for the strength of such essays as these lies in the manner rather than in the matter. Mr. Burgess attempts to be epigrammatic, and to stimulate the Philistine imagination; but he lacks the essential background of true wit and shrewd sense that might raise his trifling above the flimsy magazine article to the plane of the light philosophical essay.

—The American Unitarian Association, which has recently been publishing a line of books making a fresh appeal to the intellectual seriousness of the community, could hardly give us anything more alive than 'Immortality, and Other Essays,' by Charles Carroll Everett, late Professor of Theology in Harvard University, edited by Professor W. W. Fenn. Nearly all of these eight essays have the directness of compositions which have served as public addresses; two of them something of the homiletic tone, without being any the worse for that. At least four of them, "The Known and the Unknowable in Religion," "Mysticism," "The Faith of Science and the Science of Faith," and "Spencer's Reconciliation of Science and Religion," fall into a group by themselves, and were inspired or provoked by Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles.' It would have been well if the dates of their first appearance had been given; the more careful reader could then have related them better to the author's mind and to the progressive criticism of Spencer. Able and judicious as they are, they reflect the earlier rather than the later attitude of Professor Everett towards Spencer, and take no account of Spencer's lessening emphasis on "the Unknowable." The "Joseph Priestley," too, a delightful characterization, united with a frank disclosure of the differences between "the Old Unitarianism and the New," might well have borne upon its face some indication of the circumstances of its origin, those attending the dedication of a memorial tablet to Priestley in the Unitarian Church in Philadelphia, in 1889. If the essay "Immortality" is not quite convincing, it is surprising in the freshness that it brings to a subject which might, it would seem, defy originality. "The Philosophy of the Sublime" exhibits Professor Everett as he was known to those who knew him best—as much at home in æsthetic criticism as in metaphysics or theology. In the concluding essay, "The Gain of History," this gain is found, with many apt and striking illustrations, in the fact of the progressive opportunity for a larger and a fuller life. Everywhere there is an acuteness and refinement not infe-

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rior to Martineau's, with frequent gleams of an irrepressible yet delicate humor to which there was nothing corresponding in Martineau's more solemn, not more serious, mind.

—There are doubtless many English readers of Dante who, not being conversant with Italian, prefer annotations in their own language. Their need is now well supplied by the commentary of Mr. H. F. Tozer, which the Clarendon Press issues in three small volumes, matching a new three-part edition of Dr. Moore's text. The notes on the "Inferno" are before us. The little book contains no preface of any kind, nor do we find in it any general presentation of the plan or the significance of Dante's poem; it begins abruptly with the interpretation of the first canto. The explanations are clear and scholarly, being compiled from good authorities—particularly, it would seem, from Toynbee, Moore, Butler, and Scartazzini. There is little in the way of original contribution, save here and there a bit of literary appreciation or comparison and an ocasional observation on prosody. The work of Italian Dante scholars is seldom utilized; there is no evidence of familiarity, for example, with D'Ovidio's masterly essays on the moral topography of hell, on Guido da Montefeltro, and on the indignation of Virgil in the pit of the soothsayers. A striking feature of the work—indicating probably that it was intended rather for the casual reader than for the student—is the summary fashion in which great unsolved problems are disposed of, while minor difficulties are often elaborately elucidated. The three beasts of the opening canto are dismissed in eight lines, with no hint of the vast controversy that has raged over their interpretation; whereas the symbolism of the wolf in Ugolino's dream receives more than sixteen lines, and Anastasius II., one of the least conspicuous personages in the 'Commedia,' gets fifteen. The year and day of the mystic journey, the *veltro*, the messenger from heaven (ix., 85), the *corda* (xvi., 106), are scantly dealt with; and the apparently hopeless and fundamental inconsistency in the descriptions of the *pozzo* (the Ninth Circle) is not even mentioned. Similarly, the *amara* of i., 7, the *tuono* of iv., 2, the *vedea la notte* of xxvi., 128, are simply expounded according to the annotator's preference, without a suggestion of a possible alternative. On the other hand, Pluto, Phlegyas, the Furies and Medusa, Thais are satisfactorily though concisely discussed; and there are excellent comments on *di te mi loderò* (ii., 74), the adventure of Alexander in "quelle parti calde d'India" (xiv., 31), the "campion nudi ed unti" (xvi., 22), the simile of the frost at the beginning of xxiv., and the twenty-two-mile circumference of the next-to-last *bolgia* (xxix., 9). Some small inaccuracies might be pointed out, but they are not of sufficient importance to call for mention here.

ARMSTRONG'S CHARLES V.

The Emperor Charles V. By Edward Armstrong, M.A. In two volumes (pp. 341, 413). The Macmillan Co. 1902.

Biographies of Charles V. are far less numerous than one might expect, on general grounds, that they would be. Into every account of the Lutheran revolution his name and policy must by compulsion enter, nor can his presence be lost sight of for a moment when we are dealing with French politics, or Spanish colonies, or Flemish commerce, or Italian warfare, or English relations with the Continent, during the first half of the sixteenth century. But while his career and his attitude towards public questions are thus leading factors in a thousand books, the list of special biographies remains remarkably small. There are a good many monographs on the different phases of his activity and on the character of his rule in the separate parts of his dominions, yet even by the French and Germans his life has been treated as a thing of fragments. At first sight this fact may seem surprising, though on the slightest reflection the causes of such neglect cannot fail to appear. In the first place, the Emperor's interests were so scattered and so conflicting that most writers are alarmed at the prospect of a baffling complexity; and, furthermore, the personality of Charles is not likely to attract those historical artists who are on the watch for types of great virtue or colossal guilt. He was simply a man of mixed qualities and mediocre talents, whose part in the world's action was fixed by circumstances beyond the measure of his powers. The general feeling about him is expressed by Green in one of his letters to Freeman: "Charles V. is a mere hook to hang history on. Luther is the soul of *that* time."

While biographers in general have thus shunned the subject of Charles V., Great Britain can point to Robertson, whose history of this Emperor has been a famous book for more than a hundred years. It is the only work on the reign in our language to which the bibliography of Lavisse and Rambaud refers, and Mr. Armstrong adds, "No biography of the Emperor has been written in English since the great work of Robertson." Concerning the Scottish historian, however, we shall say little, since he lived in the eighteenth century. Such were his methods and such was his style that he does not come into comparison with Mr. Armstrong at all. One other biography of Charles V., and to our knowledge one alone, can be used with any profit for purposes of contrast. We refer to the 'Geschichte Karls V.' of the late Hermann Baumgarten. Unfortunately, it is incomplete, for though three volumes were published, death prevented the author from writing the other two, which would have described the Schmalkaldic War and the Emperor's last years. For the period 1500-1539, Baumgarten has four pages to Mr. Armstrong's one; nevertheless, he furnishes the best standard of comparison that is available. For ourselves, we have neither the time nor the disposition to apply the parallel method of examination and criticism. It will be enough to glance, here and there, at features of difference which mark off the English biography from its German predecessor.

In respect to length, Mr. Armstrong is much more moderate than Baumgarten. He assures us that he could have written six volumes with greater ease than two, and no one who is familiar with the field or with the ordinary processes of composition will think this statement an exaggeration. His researches, as one can see after the first hour, have been wide and thorough. Beyond doubt he has cast aside much more material than he has used. The residuum, therefore, represents careful selection and a conscious effort to achieve artistic success. It is far better to be concise than unwieldy, but in some respects Mr. Armstrong has carried compression too far. As we shall point out before we close, he has not neglected the device of epigram, and sprightliness is a leading feature of his style. At the same time the element of political detail makes itself somewhat more prominent than the unprofessional reader would have it, and in consequence other things seem rather crowded. We recognize the extreme difficulty of the problem, and we think that Mr. Armstrong has been wise in keeping his book compact. One question alone arises: Would it not have been better to put so short a sketch wholly in essay form, and to use even a broader brush? Despite great cleverness and a literary skill which in some directions is very marked, neither of the two volumes is altogether easy to read. This is perhaps due to the cause that has been suggested.

Any life of Charles V. must be complex, and where there is complexity, we need to test the author's power of arrangement. Here Mr. Armstrong shows a skill which is not so evident in Baumgarten. As he explains his views on this subject, we shall let him describe them for himself:

> "In the history of Charles V., the method of strict chronological sequence would be peculiarly perplexing, because the vertical bars between the several sections of his interests are singularly thick, although not thick enough to produce total isolation. The condition of the Spanish-American colonies, for example, did really affect the Emperor's fortunes in relation to the duchy of Milan; the campaign in North Africa did actually modify the current of events in Germany. Yet it would be confusing if contemporary incidents in these four countries were perpetually brought together in succeeding paragraphs. Hence it is that by way of compromise I have treated the main occurrences of Charles V.'s life more or less in the order of time, but have relegated to separate chapters the more outlying spheres of policy or action."

We give prominence to the foregoing statement because Mr. Armstrong is threading a labyrinth, and we need to know the character of his guiding-line.

If a biographer of Charles V. is likely to lose his way in the maze of conflicting issues and international entanglements, the reviewer of the biography is threatened, *à fortiori*, by the same danger. Ten columns would soon be exhausted were such subjects brought forward as the Emperor's trouble with the Cortes, his diplomatic intercourse with the Curia, and his various campaigns against Francis I. These and all other matters of a purely political character we shall put to one side for the sake of discussing two questions—the attitude which Charles adopted to the Reformation, and Mr. Armstrong's delineation of personal traits.

In thus singling out the religious issue, we may point to the fact that Mr. Armstrong recognizes its supreme importance among all the complications of the reign. Shunning paradox, he does not exalt the political element or the motive of national rivalry between France and Spain, but is conservative enough to look upon the Lutheran revolt as the essential problem of the Emperor's career.

"At the Diet of Worms," he says, "was

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cast the horoscope of Charles, or rather, perhaps, the first five months of 1521 traced upon the youthful palm the lines of future life. Here best can be appreciated the unity in diversity of the Emperor's tasks. The two irreconcilable foes of the future now met face to face, and for the only time; orthodox emperor and heretic monk, each definitely took position in the decisive struggle of the reign."

Without denying that the Diet of Worms was Luther's greatest moment, Mr. Armstrong maintains that it was also a great moment for Charles V. Hitherto he had been in leading-strings. On the occasion of his first visit to Spain he was thought the puppet of his minister, Guillaume de Croy, the Wallon Lord of Chièvres. When a youth who had sat "spell-bound under the ferule of Chièvres" suddenly became master of himself and electrified the whole Diet by his firm denunciation of Luther, a step towards manhood had been taken fast. On the first day the heretic entered Charles's presence with a nervous smile; on the second, he denounced the Pope in terms which gave every sign of renewed self-confidence; and on the third, the Emperor handed to the princes a statement of his decision.

"A single monk, led astray by private judgment, has set himself against the faith held by all Christians for a thousand years and more, and impudently concludes that all Christians up till now have erred. I have therefore resolved to stake upon this cause all my dominions, my friends, my body and my blood, my life and my soul. For myself and you, sprung from the holy German nation, appointed by peculiar privilege defenders of the faith, it would be a grievous disgrace, an eternal stain upon ourselves and our posterity, if in this our day, not only heresy, but its very suspicion, were due to our neglect."

Luther had blown a loud blast, but not for the first time. Charles V. (aged twenty-one) wound his horn boldly in reply, and, though it was the note of a novice, it came more truly from the heart than any other proclamation of the reign.

Mr. Armstrong, in praising the Emperor's courage, gives him credit also for originality. This defiance of Luther was his unassisted work, and it must also be remembered that Charles was not arrayed at Worms with all the authority of a despot. According to Mr. Armstrong's view, he was quite as much on the defensive as Luther could have been. The monk had made himself the idol of Germany. The Emperor had few friends, was threatened by the knights, and lacked the means of carrying out the projects which were forced upon him by his international position. Yet, despite the difficulties wherewith he was surrounded and a native hesitancy to act in haste, he uttered his decision boldly. He found Luther antipathetic, and the encounter developed a spirit of self-assertion.

"Reserved as Charles was," Mr. Armstrong says, "the shock struck out the most outspoken confession of his faith that he ever uttered. Nowhere else is it possible to approach so closely to the workings of his spiritual nature, save in the confidential letters to his brother in the last troubled hours of rule, when he repeated that it was not in his conscience to rend the seamless mantle of the Church."

But over against this unequivocal statement of Worms there stand the procrastination of twenty-five years and the sack of Rome. The latter question we shall not attempt to discuss, for it would lead us into much detail. According to Mr. Armstrong, "whatever method be adopted for the treatment of the Emperor's biography, the most refractory element to handle is the Pope." A notice of Charles's action in 1527 would soon lead us beyond Clement VII., and involve us in the deepest mysteries of imperial negotiation. But while we are unable to grapple with the problem which is suggested by the sack of Rome, the spectacle of the Emperor's delay in attacking the Protestants brings us to a general estimate of his character.

The last and by far the most interesting chapter of these two volumes deals with personal traits. Within the compass of twenty pages Mr. Armstrong depicts those qualities which, in his opinion, conditioned the course of Charles's difficult, contradictory, and unsuccessful career. If we could condense the chief features of this portrait into a short paragraph, we should do so, but such a feat is quite impossible. We shall simply give Mr. Armstrong's most compact statement in his own words, and indicate its bearing upon the issue of the Reformation.

"The essential characteristics of Charles V.," he says, "were honesty of purpose, warped by self-interest to the extent that he could persuade himself at times that his own way was the right way; industry, interrupted by fits of indolence, or rather, perhaps, natural indolence thrust backwards by a sense of duty occasionally intermittent; self-control, ruffled, though rarely, by sudden squalls of passion; irresolution relieved by quick resolves, which chose sometimes the right amount, sometimes the wrong, both a little at haphazard; obstinacy, which is so strange and yet so frequent a yoke-fellow to irresolution."

It is this last phrase which gives us the secret of Charles's strange attitude towards the Protestant movement in its infancy and towards the whole problem of the Lutheran schism. His preference was as he expressed it at Worms, and he never lost sight of the original proposition. If he postponed the moment of his attack upon the Schmalkaldic League, he none the less was biding his time. Furthermore, he could never put his first design of repression from him, and even in his closing years he opposed the *modus vivendi* which both Lutheran and Catholic princes desired to accept.

For the rest, Mr. Armstrong sees in Charles V. neither a statesman nor a hero, but, "all deductions made, an honorable Christian gentleman, striving, in spite of physical defects, moral temptations, and political impossibilities, to do his duty in that state of life to which an unkind Providence had called him." The biographer who has proved the difficulties of the Emperor's career by trying to describe it, naturally leans towards charity.

We have already said that Mr. Armstrong enlivens his narrative with a profusion of striking phrases. These form, indeed, a conspicuous feature of the work. We give a few examples. "At his first tournament in Spain the young king's shield bore, not the adventurous *Plus oultre*, but the more modest *Nondum*. The life of Charles henceforth was to seek alternate guidance from these same two legends, Yet further and Not yet." "Flattery, whose function is to place an exaggerated emphasis on truth." "His name is scarcely mentioned in dispatches, save as a minnow to be spun in the preserved waters of royal matrimony." "Hutten from his watch-tower barked louder than ever, but his barks were apologies for not biting." "Necessity, the omnipresent anarchist." "If ever he sported with Amaryllis, it was in the shade." We might multiply these smart sayings indefinitely. Every page has its plum, and though some are better than others, the average quality is good.

Without calling Mr. Armstrong flippant or cynical, we must confess that his air of candor has at times impressed us unfavorably. Thus, when he has occasion to mention the outbreak of war between Charles V. and Francis I., he writes:

"How wise is Machiavelli's statement of the only true *casus belli*—'the war which is necessary is just.' Yet in every century the would-be combatants have ransacked brains and pigeon-holes for justification of the combat which needed none, save the determination to fight engendered by inevitable collision of temperaments or interests. This is due, of course, to an uneasy feeling that war is sinful, or at the least extravagant, and [that] those who break moral or economic laws must plead extenuating circumstances."

Whether this is jingoism appealing to history, we shall not attempt to say, but we must range ourselves in opposition to a sentiment which would well agree with conditions of thought in the tenth century.

On the whole, Mr. Armstrong's 'Charles V.' is a bright, learned, and indispensable work.

JOHNSTON'S UGANDA PROTECTORATE.

The Uganda Protectorate: An Attempt to give some description of the Physical Geography, Botany, Zoölogy, Anthropology, Languages, and History of the Territories under British Protection in East Central Africa. By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. In two volumes. With 506 illustrations from drawings and photographs, 48 full-page colored plates, and 9 maps. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902. Large 8vo. Pp. xix, 1,018.

"The Recreations of a Special Commissioner" would be an appropriate sub-title for these remarkable volumes, for it was in this capacity that the author went to Uganda in 1899 to reorganize the administrative affairs of the Protectorate. This work took twenty months, during which he travelled extensively in the different provinces, finding his relaxation when his official duties were over, in collecting information about the land and its inhabitants, and in photographing and painting. The fruit of these leisure-hour occupations is a monumental work on one of the most interesting countries in the world. Within an area about equal to that of Montana there are to be found alpine, temperate, and tropical regions, with their distinguishing characteristics of climate, vegetation, and life. In it are the highest mountain and the largest lake in Africa, waterless deserts, vast marshes, snowfields, and glaciers, and land unsurpassed in fertility. From the windows of a Uganda Railway car the traveller can see, as the train crosses certain tracts, "rhinoceroses, sometimes even elephants, zebras, gnus, hartebeests, gazelles, reedbuck, waterbuck, oribi, and ostriches," while the human race is represented by every type, from the forest pygmy, hardly to be distinguished from the ape, up to Apolo, prime minister and historian of his people.

Sir Harry Johnston does not attempt to put the results of his investigations into a popular literary form, and they hardly

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admit of such treatment. But his work is not a mere dry repertory of scientific facts. Personal touches, incidents of his travels, constantly enliven the account of the physical features of the land, its fauna and flora, and its inhabitants. His artist nature makes him keenly alive to the wonderful beauty of a "country where bird, butterfly, and flower—even earthworms—unite to display under brilliant sunshine all the primary colors and many of their most exquisite blendings." In the enjoyment of this beauty he successfully endeavors to enable his readers to share, not only by his glowing descriptions of lake, forest, and mountain scenery, but also by reproducing many of his paintings in color, and a great number of his photographs. His landscapes are somewhat harsh, but his bird and animal drawings are of great and unusual merit. The photographs illustrate nearly every important statement in the text admitting of a material representation. It would be difficult, indeed, to find another work of this kind where illustrations of such a high order have been so judiciously chosen and so generously used. There are also nine physical, ethnological, and political maps.

The opening chapters aim to give "some idea of the general aspect of the Protectorate," from which it appears that, except in the immediate vicinity of the railway and in parts of Uganda proper, there are no signs of civilization. Some large tracts, and those the best suited for European colonization, are without "a single *settled* native inhabitant," and here and there "may be seen large herds of giraffes as one might see cattle peacefully standing about in an English park." Perhaps the most interesting spot, from its associations and its beauty, is the "birthplace of the Nile," where the waters of the Victoria Nyanza begin their long course to the sea in a fall of some thirty feet. A winding path leads to the water's edge immediately below the fall, and here, "in perfect safety, one may peep upwards through the welcome shade of overhanging trees into the awful green arch of water that is streaming over the unseen step. As you watch the descent of this tremendous cascade, you can see large fish, as though they were enclosed in thick glass or in aspic, being carried down the descent of water."

An attack of fever necessitating a change of climate, instead of returning to England Sir Harry adventurously explored the Ruwenzori range, climbing to a height of 14,828 feet, or nearly 2,000 feet above the snow-line. Yet at this point "the mountain above me seemed a thing I had only begun to climb, and towered, so far as I could estimate, another 6,000 feet into the dark blue heavens." The chapter, with its striking illustrations, describing these equatorial snowfields and glaciers and the wonderful vegetation below them, is the best account we have of Ptolemy's mysterious "Mountains of the Moon." In some respects the same is true of the description of the great Congo forest, whither Sir Harry went to take back to their homes some pygmies whom a German had kidnapped for exhibition in Paris. Here he procured pieces of the skin of the newly discovered quadruped, the okapi, of which he gives a tentative drawing. He calls it hornless, but, from a skeleton recently received in Belgium, it appears that there is another form of the animal, horned in the male and hornless in the female. This excursion into the Free State gives our Englishman the opportunity of testifying to the prosperity of the natives of this region under the "excellent administration" of the Belgian officials. Their villages were remarkably tidy, their houses well-built and comfortable, and they "repeatedly and without solicitation on my part compared the good times they were now having to the misery and terror which preceded them when the Arabs and Manyema had established themselves in the country as chiefs and slave-traders."

A sketch of the history of the Protectorate and its present methods of government is followed by a suggestive review of its commercial prospects. These are not brilliant if the country is administered solely in the interests of its inhabitants. Sir Harry strongly condemns the French and Belgian policy of granting large territorial concessions to companies which are certain, in seeking their own gain, to ignore native rights and industries. There has been no discovery as yet of great mineral wealth, but coffee, sugar, cotton, and grain can be cultivated, and there are valuable assets in timber, India rubber, and ivory. A single fact will suffice to show the capacity of the soil. A wild tomato plant left by chance when a Government compound was weeded, bore in two months 3,000 fruits. "It still goes on bearing clusters of lovely fruits, and covers a space of twenty feet square." Should the natives be encouraged to develop these resources, Sir Harry believes that in time they will pay not only the cost of the Government, but also the fifty million dollars which Great Britain has spent in the acquisition and improvement of the country. He also advocates permitting the natives, under strict regulations, to seek employment in British South Africa. An unknown factor in the problem of the future is the existence of a great uninhabited tract, the Nandi Plateau, "a land abundantly watered by running streams, with grassy downs, splendid forests of conifers, a fertile soil, and a country which, though exactly under the equator, is singularly like the landscapes of southern England," and which, if it were in Australia, "would maintain a prosperous European population of 500,000 souls."

The latter part of the first volume contains botanical and zoölogical notes, with lists of the author's collections compiled by scientific experts. The wealth and variety of the animal life to which reference has been made is characteristic also of the bird life. "On Lake Hannington," for instance, "it is no exaggeration to say that there must be close upon a million flamingoes. . . . Seen from above, this mass of birds on its shoreward side is gray-white, then becomes white in the middle, and has a lakeward ring of the most exquisite rose-pink, the reason being that the birds on the outer edge of the semicircle are the young ones, while those farthest out into the lake are the oldest." The common notion that the notes of the tropical birds are unmusical is refuted by the statement that in Uganda "one's ear is constantly delighted with the songs of thrushes, warblers, and bulbuls." But Sir Harry's chief interest is in man, and the facts which he has gathered in regard to the different native races of the Protectorate, illustrated by more than two hundred photographs and taking up the whole of the second volume, have an absolutely unique value to the anthropologist. His theories in regard to the origin, affinities, and migrations of these peoples are the results of investigations pursued during nearly twenty years spent in Africa as an explorer and Government official. The most interesting from a purely scientific point of view is that human enigma, the forest pygmy, the prototype of Puck, Robin Goodfellow, and the elves and fairies of our nursery tales. In his brutish life far below the other natives, in morality and intelligence he is far above most of them. Without any known language, he learns with ease and rapidity the language of his neighbors. He can draw the beasts and birds with which he is familiar, sings "many different songs, some of which have a melody obvious even to European ears, a strophe and antistrophe, a solo part and a chorus," and his dances are full of variety. It would seem as if he had an appreciation of the beauty of nature. Sir Harry says: "I have never once heard a pure-blooded Negro in Africa express admiration for a beautiful or bright-colored flower, though I have seen the little Congo pygmies occasionally pick off small blossoms and thrust them by the stalk into the holes which they have bored in their upper lips." Of the pygmy's possessing a still higher trait there can be no doubt.

"If gifts in the shape of ripe bananas are laid out in a likely spot for the pygmy visitor who comes silently in the darkness or dawn, the little man will show himself grateful, and will leave behind him some night a return present of meat, or he will be found to have cleared the plantation of weeds, to have set traps, to have driven off apes, baboons, or elephants whilst his friends and hosts were sleeping."

The most promising people, however, are the Baganda, who, from the earnestness with which they are striving after the civilization of the whites, may justly be called the Japanese of Central Africa. Though it is only twenty years since the first native openly professed the Christian faith, there are now 1,070 Protestant church buildings. The foundations of a literature have been laid, and a history of the country by a native, in his own language, has been published. The people have a printing establishment, which issues a little paper, and industrial schools. Good roads are being built, and their towns are a "series of villa residences surrounded by luxuriant gardens." Another title to comparison with the Japanese is their delightful politeness and tact. Apparently more than once Sir Harry, in his tours through the province, found at the top of some particularly high hill, which he had climbed with difficulty to visit a native chief, "a table spread with a snowy white cloth, and set out with tea things." There were camp chairs, a fire over which a kettle was boiling, and a group of smiling, white-clothed attendants.

"All these preparations have been made without consulting the traveller by the chief or the sub-chief of the district, very possibly not even the one he is going to visit. It has been guessed that the white man will find this hill the most trying point in his day's journey during the heat of the afternoon sun, and therefore this spot has been selected as the most suitable one to prepare tea to cheer him on his way. Very possibly one may only guess all this, as

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the attendants, like well-trained English servants, offer no conversation unsolicited; and, with their inborn tact, the chiefs are not there to worry you with compliments or greetings."

A few of the many traditions and folk-lore stories of the Baganda are given, in one of which it is said that to propitiate God's wrath at the disobedience of their first king, Kintu, it was decreed "that nobody should work on every seventh day, and on the first day of each new moon." With a chapter on the six groups of languages spoken in the Protectorate and vocabularies of fifty of these languages and dialects, Sir Harry Johnston concludes his work. In his preface he makes grateful acknowledgment of "the help and coöperation of many friends and colleagues who have placed their stores of information at my disposal." Intelligent interest in the people whom they govern is not rare in British officials, and to it is largely due their success in building the empire.

GUMMERE'S BEGINNINGS OF POETRY.

The Beginnings of Poetry. By Francis B. Gummere, Professor of English in Haverford College. Macmillan Co. 1901. 8vo, pp. x., 483.

It is a matter of ordinary observation that the biological sciences in propounding and, to a certain extent at least, establishing the doctrine of evolution, have introduced a new category into philosophy, and profoundly modified the attitude of mind with which the contemporary scholar or thinker approaches the problems that belong to his field of inquiry. Since we are now taught to believe that all higher forms, not only of material things which change and perish, but also of intellectual life, have had their beginnings in lower and more elementary stages of existence, no phase of savage life is considered too ignoble to merit the reverent study of the historian of any of the manifold forms of human activity. Of this spirit Mr. Gummere's book is a striking example. It is redundant with phrases like "fissiparous birth" and "curve of evolution."

"Poetry," we read on page 347, "like all human institutions, like the earth itself, goes back to rude and barren beginnings; and the lowest stratum of poetry to which one can come, either by sight or inference, is only what one ought to expect from the doctrine of evolution, applicable in this case as in any other case."

The poets, however, have always shown a very scant respect for the rude efforts of primitive bards. Ennius, himself considered by the Romans of a polite age as the uncouth genius of semi-barbarism, speaks with haughty disdain of his own poetic forebears who had not succeeded in scaling the rugged heights that lead to the abode of the Muses:

"Scripsere alii rem
Versibus, quos olim Fauni vatesque canebant,
Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,
Nec dicti studiosus erat."

But Mr. Gummere declares that

"not the bard come down from Olympus, with majesty in his mien and the light of divine song shed about him, singing to his rapt hearers of the deep things of life, is the nobler view; nobler by far is the sight of those little groups gathered on the marches that lay between the old beast and the new man, facing inexorable powers which had crushed out life upon life before, and whole systems of life. . . . The first cry of emotional consent along with the consenting step, the cry that remembered a triumph found in instinctive common action, and felt itself to be prophetic of a triumph yet to come—this concerted step and shout, which seemed the expression of concerted purpose, of communal will, force, effectiveness, has more in it even for the man of sentiment than can be found in any flight of poetry in later time."

In chapter second, on "Rhythm as the Essential Fact of Poetry," the spirit and intent of the whole book are first plainly apparent, and may at once serve to warn those who uphold the transcendental idea of poetry. Rhythm, according to this title and treatment, is not *an* essential fact of poetry, but *the* essential fact of poetry. In a long and instructive historical argument, Mr. Gummere proves that critics who have protested that rhythm is not an essential condition of the poetic art, have been in the main inconsistent with themselves and each other, and have never established a criterion of enduring value. None the less, these protestations, however illogical and however weak on the synthetic side, represent a real instinct for the truth. Inasmuch as all must feel that rhythm is only the outward form and not the inner essence of the poem truly great, how can any investigation of rhythm, except to a limited degree, bear upon the subject of poetry properly so-called, or how can the first manifestations of man's rhythmical instinct in the meaningless shouts that accompanied the primitive dance be called the beginnings of poetry?

The chapter on "The Two Elements in Poetry" contains a statement and preliminary defence of one of the author's main contentions, namely, that in primitive poetry there was an entire absence of individual composition. The two elements of the title are, to put it briefly, nature and art. Natural poetry, he thinks, was composed by the folk as a whole; artistic poetry, after an era of sophistication and self-consciousness had set in, by individual poets. Inasmuch as none would be found to deny that all art has received more of the artistic quality in the course of civilization, we restrict ourselves to what is said about natural or "communal" poetry, as Mr. Gummere is fond of calling it. This theme is treated in a chapter of portentous length, entitled "The Differencing Elements of Communal Poetry." Here we find, invested with a great wealth of illustration derived from anthropological studies of primitive societies, the gist of the author's theories about the beginnings of poetry, which we venture to state as follows:

The earliest form of verse was the communal chorus, accompanied by song and dance, of which the predominating characteristic was mere repetition. As instances of extreme simplicity may be cited the choruses of some African tribes, which consist of a single word, and of the Fuegians, who often sing not so much as a word, but only a syllable, repeated for hours. The first growth out of this crude and amorphous state was the ballad, which was the first literary form really to deserve the name, and which contained the germs of epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry. Starting from the fact of the widespread if not universal gift of improvisation among savages, as attested by modern travellers, and from a similar gift observable among European peasants of to-day, Mr. Gummere proceeds to the conclusion that, in the pristine singing and dancing throng, anybody and everybody gave utterance to verses impromptu, which, alternating with a refrain sung by the whole chorus, and still, as the name ballad indicates, accompanied by dancing, made up the ballad in its earliest form.

If this indeed be a true genetic account of early poetry, surely this primitive ballad, in which individuals successively stepped out of the dancing throng to recite their improvised verses, was strongly dramatic in character, and this should have been stated as one of its most distinguishing marks. The action of the ballads that have come down to us as literary relics—those in Professor Child's collection, for example—is almost always presented in dramatic form. In his later chapter on "The Earliest Differentiations of Poetry," Mr. Gummere admits Aristotle's assertion ('Poetics,' Ch. IV.) that the drama, in both its estates of tragedy and comedy, was at first mere improvisation. But he contends that dramatic, like lyric and epic, poetry was derived from the communal chorus; whereas we conceive the fact to be that this primitive chorus was from the first almost a drama. From its narrative portions was differentiated the epic, which retained many a trace of dialogue rendering. The original choral ballad needed but few changes to transform it into a drama; and Greek tragedy, as is well known, kept the lyric element as a separate, detachable form within itself, and still contained the epic narrative in solution. From these facts it is not a remote conjecture that individual improvisation gave rise to the first verses that bore any resemblance to what cultured men call poetry. It is hard to believe, and cannot be proved, that the folk as a whole, by what Mr. Gummere calls "communal consent," ever made any rhythmical utterance beyond a meaningless or almost meaningless refrain.

Our serious objection to Mr. Gummere's treatise as a whole is that, in his devotion to scientific research and to the evolutional argument, he too often forgets that such procedure can touch only the barest mechanism of poetry, whose true essence is as incapable of analysis as that human soul of which it is the highest expression. In his last chapter he uneasily asks himself if, after all, the primitive verse of communal consent is one and the same thing with the poetry of art. Answering this question in the affirmative, he finds in rhythm the surviving representative of communal forces. That is to say, had rhythm not existed in communal verse, it would not now be found in the poetry of the individual artist. But rhythm is a much more important factor in the life of an individual than in that of a community. It is a commonplace of modern psychology, that not only rhythmical action and utterance, but also rhythmical perception, are necessary conditions of man's existence.

Instances of the author's faith in the methodology of natural science abound, but the one which has most excited our admiration is the following:

"All that we ask of biology is the concession of instinct; at the basis of human poetry, that vast edifice of art, and, as it seems to the modern man, of nothing but art, lie instinctive utterances, homogeneous, if one may judge by chick and bird (!), and subject to their first modifications not

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from individual effort, but from social consent and the enormous force of communal emotion."

The assumption that lies at the root of such generalizations is plainly that the nearer we can get to primary and simple experiences and concepts, the nearer we are to reality; in other words, that the standard of reality must consist in that which appears to lie at the beginning of knowledge. Hence Mr. Gummere, judging from what he finds to be among primitive races the most rudimentary forms of metrical composition, concludes that rhythm, social consent, and the like, are the essential facts of poetry. Thus he makes no account of the demands of that higher synthesis which insists upon holding to the ultimate and most complex forms of experience as the standard of reality, and regards as mere accidents such circumstances as simplicity of manifestation and priority of time.

It is unfortunate that, in a work involving so much detail, the table of contents and index should be so very meagre. Students who consult the index under the words "Chorus" or "Dance," for example, will find many passages cited by page, but no information as to the particular phases of the subject with which those passages are severally concerned. We have noted a few minor errors. On page 405 the statement is made that "the Roman and Oscan farmers improvised such [amœbean] songs in their *satura* and in their rough comedies." But the fact is that the *satura* was not improvised at all, and this lack of improvisation constituted, so far as we can make out, its sole difference from the Fescennine verses, which were a rude, extemporaneous, dramatic dialogue. Prof. H. W. Smyth's name is misspelled Smythe in the index, and in every place in the book to which the index refers. We should not know where to look in Aristophanes's "Clouds" for act v., scene 11, as a citation is given in a note on page 270. On page 21 it is said that a certain tendency gives rise to "a notion *never true and often false*"!

A History of the American People. By Woodrow Wilson. In five volumes. Harper & Brothers. 1902.

It is, perhaps, not wholly unnatural that an elaborately illustrated historical work, written in the first instance for a popular magazine, should be viewed by many with some suspicion. It is so easy, by means of heavy paper, large type, wide margins, numerous pictures, and fine binding, to give an air of importance to what is, after all, of but minor value that the critic, particularly if his taste be that of the scholar rather than the general reader, is prone to look upon all such undertakings as presumptively wanting in merit. Here, for example, is a work in five large volumes, handsomely printed and bound, profusely illustrated, and making, in general, an appearance of which any booklover might be proud. It professes to be a history of the American people from the discovery of the continent to the very present. Yet it contains only about two-thirds as many words as Green's 'Short History.' Unquestionably, the predisposition of the critic is not likely to be favorable.

Nevertheless, subject to some rather important qualifications, the general verdict on President Wilson's book must, we think, be commendatory. The author has not thus far been especially prominent as an historian, but has won repute rather as a keen observer of political and governmental conditions, a successful popularizer of scholarly knowledge, and an essayist with a peculiarly vivid and picturesque style; and it is in these same capacities that he appears in this his latest book. The student who is searching for a concise and comprehensive narrative of historical events, a careful marshalling of facts and weighing of evidence, or a bringing together of tested and assured information from monographs and documents, will not find any of these things here. No existing history of high quality will be superseded by President Wilson's work, nor need any would-be writer of American history on a large scale be deterred from prosecuting his undertaking to its completion. What the author has given us is, rather, a brilliantly written essay summarizing the general course of events, with only so much of selected incident as is needed to hold the narrative together and make the reader feel that he knows what the author is talking about.

The defects are, naturally, those of the qualities. It is inevitable that, in writing of this character, comment and opinion should preponderate over fact, and that, so far as the average reader is concerned, much should throughout be taken for granted. The inquirer who should turn to President Wilson's pages for what the author himself might call "mere information," would hardly succeed in finding a great deal of it; but if he have his information well in hand in advance, he will find much to admire and not a little worth thinking about in the broad outlines, the sweeping generalizations, the keen judgments, and the illuminating comments with which the pages abound. Further, with a writer as interesting as President Wilson, there is at times the feeling that something has been sacrificed to form and grouping, that events were not always quite as clear as they are made to seem, and that the emphasis is often as much personal as historical. One must not be disturbed, for example, at finding the witchcraft delusion disposed of in half a page of text, or at seeing Garrison shot suddenly into the field, and for the first time, in 1345. In other words, President Wilson's work is to be commended as a useful stimulant for those who already know a good deal about American history, but hardly as a safe "short cut" for those who begrudge the acquisition of knowledge in the old-fashioned way. To say that the generalizations and summaries are, as a rule, both safe and informing and that the apportionment of space does not, in the main, greatly distort the relations of things, is only to say again that the achievement is praiseworthy.

A well-known writer and teacher declared, a few years ago, that no one might now expect to live long enough to write, on a large and comprehensive scale, a history of the American people. President Wilson has not, as we have said, attempted this alleged impossible task in the way which the speaker had in mind. There is nothing in either the matter or the manner of his book to indicate any extensive first-hand acquaintance with the subject; but the important secondary literature seems to have been industriously used, while numerous references or statements show that the monographic work of specialists has not been neglected. Occasionally there is a slip, as where the old charge that Braddock "walked into an ambush" is given another lease of life; but such errors, so far as we have noted, are rare. In one respect especially the treatment is notable. Throughout the whole of the colonial period President Wilson is constantly calling attention to the course of events in Europe, and to the inseparable connection between European history and American history. The history of the Navigation Acts, in particular, is followed with unusual closeness, and again and again recurred to, with the conclusion that their influence on American trade was not disastrous, and that England was obviously as much interested in developing the colonial trade as in taxing it. This point of view, not as yet very generally taken, helps to clarify very much this part of the subject. Similarly, the handling of the causes of the Revolution is broad and firm, without going to either of the extremes which such writers as Mr. Lodge and Mr. Trevelyan may be taken as representing. Readers of the author's 'Division and Reunion' will recognize the same general attitude in the account of the earlier Constitutional period here. Coming down to recent events, the brief account of the war with Spain foreshadows the more critical temper which will not honor as heroes all who participated in that struggle, while the characterization of President McKinley may well give somewhat of a chill to the admirers of that subservient leader. It was difficult for a president of Princeton to write at once truly and discreetly of President Cleveland, but President Wilson has acquitted himself with rare tact and reserve.

In the selection of the hundreds of illustrations, President Wilson acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Victor H. Paltsits of the New York Public Library. For the selection and mechanical reproduction of the pictures there can be, in general, nothing but praise. It is a pity, however, that fancy pictures, save, perhaps, the few that are in themselves notable works of art, could not have been excluded, and that a fuller indication of origin could not have been given than is afforded by the oft-recurring ascription, "from an old print." It was a happy thought to present, as the frontispiece of the first volume, the fine photogravure of Sir Edwin Sandys, than whom no man better deserves recognition as the friend and aider of American colonization. Occasionally an illustration is out of place—thus, in volume ii., the picture of the Plains of Abraham, on page 86, is inserted in the account of Braddock's campaign; and the picture of Washington and Rochambeau at Yorktown, on page 306, precedes by twenty pages the account of the operations depicted. A picture of Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, is set into page 11 of volume iv., although the text relates to the beginning of Jackson's administration. The picture (vol. iv., p. 184) of the Dunker Church "where John Brown preached the night of the raid," is a curious lapsus, since the incident referred to did not occur.

Appended to the several divisions of the narrative are select bibliographies giving the titles of both primary and secondary works. We cannot imagine that any considerable number of those who will read President Wilson's volumes will have use

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for the bibliographies, but it is the fashion to have them even in popular works, and they at least suggest the possibility of further study. The lists are laudably free from worthless books, and the range is fairly comprehensive. There are unexpected omissions, of course. The bibliography of Carolina, for example, makes no mention of Mr. McCrady's history, nor does that of Virginia include Bruce's 'Economic History' or Brown's 'First Republic in America.' The most extraordinary omission is that of Parkman, who is not mentioned in the list of authorities (vol. ii., p. 96) on the French and Indian wars. With the numerous references to sources in the bibliographies, further, one does not expect to find the texts of a few appended documents reprinted from Preston's collection instead of from some authoritative source.

The Taskmasters. By George Kibbe Turner. (First Novel Series.) McClure, Phillips & Co.

Oldfield. By Nancy Huston Banks. The Macmillan Co.

'The Taskmasters' deals with the political conditions of a New England manufacturing town in the eighties, and sets forth plain truths as to the so-called independence of the voter whose bread depends on the millowner. To John Mayhew the relation interpreted itself as that of "the lord and his retainers, feudalism returned—the hard industrial feudalism of New England." The Grimdale brewery, as it figured in Grimdale politics, is forcibly arraigned as "mother of sin and foolishness"—owning the "poor, silly, mortgaged saloon-keepers," who are "bound round and round, owned body and soul now and hereafter." The eternal controversy between employer and employed furnishes the motive for the tragic episode of the story, as indeed for the story itself, which is not all tragic. Both sides—capital's and labor's—have a hearing. "All I ask for is a show," says the unjustly discharged mill-hand. "You'll hear a good deal about cheap labor coming in and driving out the old. . . . Well, they don't drive 'em to anything worse, do they? They push 'em up all the time into better things," says the capitalist, the "gray old fatalist who saw and thought in multitudes and races." "Man's whole advance has been but trifling, indeed; but no mere foolish sentimental pessimism should underestimate the accomplishment of this last half-century," is the hero's reflection as he reviews the subject. In a word, this book is a thoughtful, eager, even impassioned statement of both sides of that puzzle whose only solving lies in "work and experiment." "The world to-day makes but one demand on every man, no matter who he is—fairness and work." The pulse of the machine in New England mill-town politics is recorded with the fidelity of a watchful specialist—not, however, in bravado, but in the spirit of a helper, appalled at existing conditions political, aching at conditions social, hopeful for growth, sharply aware of bossism, but not without faith in the independence existing as a mustard-seed in the body politic. While the moral is the thing, the story is quite readable enough to convey the tonic.

"Old Dan Tucker," which figures in a political procession in this story, serves in Kentucky's 'Oldfield' before the war as music for a reel. The foreigner must be and hereby is cautioned against calling it our national anthem. 'Oldfield,' for the rest, is a dried rose-leaf story of "Pennyroyal Kentucky," a region that looked down on Blue Grass Kentucky as a parvenu. Thomas Walker, entering the State at the southeast by the Cumberland Gap in 1750, not Daniel Boone coming into the northern part in 1769, was the real Kentucky pioneer. Miss Judy knew all about it because her father was a Virginian, a Revolutionary officer, and *magna pars* of the emigration, and she tells us that "grants of lands in Kentucky given by Virginia to her officers of the Revolution for military services" were made in the "Pennyroyal Region and nowhere else." Oldfield was kept in further touch with romance by the flatboat-route connection with New Orleans in the days of the Gulf pirates. Alvarado, who whisks through the pages on a flying horse, might have been the comrade of Lafitte. Hints of piracy, Oldfield eccentrics, the shifts of well-bred poverty, cast the shadows in this old-fashioned picture of an old-fashioned community—a Cranford done into Kentuckian. If the pot-pourri style is almost excessively perfumed, we must credit the book with one or two wholly original characters. Notably so, in a Kentucky story, is the Judge who is driven wellnigh mad by his entanglement in the Kentucky idea, the hereditary feud, "the tradition of bloody vengeance," "all deeply rooted in a false sense of honor." At times it seems that the world moves.

Historic Highways of America. Volume I., Paths of the Mound-Building Indians and Great Game Animals. Pp. 140. Volume II., Indian Thoroughfares. Pp. 152. By Archer Butler Hulbert. With maps and illustrations. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company.

These volumes introduce an important work, which will, in sixteen volumes, describe the origin and evolution of the roads and canals of the United States, from the beginning of such highways in game paths, portages, and Indian trails, to their culmination, when, by means of them, the conquest and occupation of the territory east of the Rocky Mountains was completed and the era of the railroad began. The remark is trite enough that the history of highways is the history of civilization, but in our own land has been afforded an unparalleled opportunity to observe at one view the origin and progress of the highways and of the civilization that advanced along them. "The study of any highway for itself alone might prove of indifferent value; but the story of a road which shows clearly the rise, nature, and passing of a nation's need for it is of great importance." "The Exploration, Conquest, and Development of America, based upon its Highways of War, Commerce, and Immigration," is announced to be the theme of this series.

The first volume comprises two monographs. Chronology would require that the second of these in order, "Paths of the Great Game Animals," should be first considered, were it not that our author ignores both the forgotten tracks of the mastodon and the well-known routes and pathways in laying out which deer, moose, and bear determined the courses of many generations of men, savage and civilized. The only game animal recognized in this book is the buffalo, which, it is believed, entered the territory described long after the mound-builders and other early Indians. Buffalo roads, it is related, marked the passes of the Alleghanies and opened the whole Mississippi basin. Although credited with no great intelligence, the buffalo found the paths of least resistance with remarkable accuracy. "A buffalo trail may be depended upon as affording the most feasible route possible through the region it traverses"; a better route than a deer runway, moreover, because the greater weight of the buffalo taught it to avoid soft ground and steep climbs. For example, the Pennsylvania Railroad crosses the mountains by the buffalo road. "It is nothing less than wonderful that the old highway selected by the instinct of the bison should be found in two instances, in a space of twenty miles, immediately above the railway tunnel." Mr. Hulbert fails to note, however, that these mountain passes were travelled by deer for millenniums and by Indians for centuries before the buffalo ever saw them. It may well be that the instinct of the bison taught him nothing more wonderful than that a deer runway or Indian trail was to be followed. In devoting the whole of the essay to but one of "The Great Game Animals," Mr. Hulbert has not only confused the reader by the misnomer, but has missed the interesting opportunity of studying the beginnings of deer paths in an absolutely trackless wilderness.

The first and greater division of the volume describes the Paths of the Mound-Building Indians, for thus Mr. Hulbert does not hesitate to style those early Americans concerning whose supposed civilization and empire so much extravagant nonsense has been written. "It does not appear," he says, "that the mound-building Indians occupied a higher plane than that reached by the Indians as first known by Europeans." Yet it seems impossible to write of these people without romancing a little, and some of the allegations here made concerning "great armies," "the art of road-making," "stone fortresses," "the transportation of immense quantities of earth and stone," "the deterioration of the civilization of the Indian," will not find universal acceptance. However, no one will cavil at the amusingly guarded assertion "that, in some instances at least, the mound-building peoples were largely a [*sic*] rural people." The Indians, no less than ourselves, depended upon agriculture for their food supply, and it is convincingly pointed out that the States and counties where the rural population is settled to-day were precisely the lands most densely populated in the days of the Mound-builders. Our knowledge of the highways of these people is largely conjectural, and all attempts at detail prove "too speculative to be of genuine historical value." Both on *à priori* grounds, and from evidence furnished by the position of the mounds, it seems probable that the Mound-builders' trails followed the identical tracks used by Indians and white men in historic times. "It is to be noticed, with reference to the effigy mounds, that to a person standing on the present highway, the figures are right side up, the feet are toward the road. In the case of birds, either the head or the tail is toward the present

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highway." The theory of these ancient paths is very interesting, since it is developed in "the belief that these early people" were the first human occupants of a primeval and fertile territory, and so "opened the first landward passageways of the continent on these watersheds." Mr. Hulbert's conclusions, which may with but slight reservations be accepted, are summarized by him as follows:

"(1.) The mound-building Indians, like the later Indians, were partial to interior locations; some of their greatest forts and most remarkable mounds are found beside our smaller streams.

"(2.) These works are scattered widely over such regions; if there was any communication it must have been on the watersheds, land travel here always having been most expeditious and practicable through all historic times.

"(3.) They were acquainted with some of our most famous mountain passes, showing that they were not ignorant of the law of least resistance; and, to a marked degree, their works are found beside, and in general alignment with, our modern roads—which to a great degree followed the ancient routes of the Indians which so invariably obeyed this law.

"(4.) The comparative study of the mound-building Indians' works proves that the migrations of that race did not follow even the larger streams by which they labored most extensively."

The second volume comes down to recent historic times, treating of the known "Indian Thoroughfares," nearly all of which are recognizable to-day as trails or highways. "A knowledge of the Indian thoroughfares of the United States forms a most valuable key to the pioneer history of any and all portions of it. To a larger degree than has ever been realized, the explorers, conquerors, and settlers of any portion of this country were indebted to the narrow trail of the Indian." The trails described are, however, limited to the crossing of the Alleghanies and the traversing of the Ohio valley. The evolution and history of several important thoroughfares within these limits in their successive stages as Indian paths, military roads, and routes of settlement are examined as well as illustrated by maps. "It is difficult to realize by what a slender thread" the Central West "hung to the fragile republic east of the mountains during the two decades succeeding the Revolutionary War." "The building of the Cumberland Road was, undoubtedly, one of the influences which secured the West to the Union."

In spite of the title-page, volume one has no illustrations but the maps. On page 91, "Hartford County, Massachusetts," should be "Harford County, Maryland," and the settlement mentioned has no evident relation to any mounds. If Mr. Hulbert is sure that in 1796 there was "a regular line of steamer packets from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati," he ought to tell us more about it, and, if convenient, to cite some authorities. The Jesuit writers, as contained in Mr. Thwaites's new edition, are freely and appositely cited in volume second, but a more thorough reading would have prevented such sweeping and fallacious assertions as, "The 'blaze' was a white man's invention, and . . . there is not a shred of testimony or evidence that the red man ever marked out the course of his paths by means of blazed trees." Nor was the trail "always" a single track. Generally speaking, however, we find Mr. Hulbert accurate and reliable. A little more time in preparing this work would have been well spent. There are occasional misspellings, and no doubt the author did not intend to call the Ohio "the La Belle Rivière." More careful proof-reading would have spared him such annoyances, and his style, graphic and effective as it is, would have been improved by a little polishing. His volumes cannot be considered as exhausting their subject, nor even as completely presenting it, nor is any claim made to this effect. They have the faults as well as the great merits of a pioneer work. Mr. Hulbert has blazed a trail, not constructed a turnpike, but his trail is well laid out. All who come after him will owe him thanks.

The Rise of Religious Liberty in America: A History. By Sanford H. Cobb. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xx, 541.

In this handsomely printed volume the Rev. Mr. Cobb "attempts a systematic narrative—so far as the author is aware, not hitherto published—of that historical development through which the civil law in America came at last, after much struggle, to the decree of entire liberty of conscience and of worship"; a result which he considers the "most striking contribution of America to the science of government."

Mr. Cobb sketches, first of all, the nature of the American principle of religious liberty, showing that it is not toleration and not simply freedom of conscience, and then traces in outline the relations of Church and State in Europe from the beginnings of Christianity to the English Toleration Act, making large use of Innes's 'Church and State.' This part of the work is very superficially done. The author then takes up with much more fulness the story of the several American colonies under the heads "Church of England Establishments" (Virginia and the Carolinas), "Puritan Establishments" (Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Haven, and New Hampshire), "Changing Establishments" (New York, Maryland, New Jersey, and Georgia), "The Free Colonies" (Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Delaware). He then glances at the attempts to establish a Colonial episcopate, and traces briefly the period of the Revolution and the final separation of Church and State.

On the whole, it must be said that Mr. Cobb has presented the story in its essential outlines, and in a way which renders his volume of considerable service to the reader. He has grouped together a mass of material bearing on the subject which makes a distinct and, in the main, accurate impression in its total effect. Yet the work is surprisingly marred by errors in matters of detail, due in large measure to very scanty use of the sources, but also due, one must believe, in many instances, to carelessness on the part of the author himself. Thus, to give but a few illustrations out of many, and those only in reference to New England, Mr. Cobb confuses Lechford and Lyford, attributing to the latter the well-known 'Plain Dealing'; he ascribes to Endicott Higginson's farewell words; he quotes a eulogy by Cotton Mather as the expression of a contemporary of Winthrop; he describes the Massachusetts General Court of May 18, 1631, as "the first general court" of that colony, though the paragraph in the Records from which he quotes a portion refers to previous action by "the last General Court"; he speaks of "churches" at Boston in 1646, when there was but one; he dates the "Reforming Synod" 1676; he ascribes the Blue Laws of Samuel Peters to the year 1681; and he repeats the old error regarding the Half-Way Covenant, that its purpose was political rather than religious, and its "ulterior, though unannounced, design" was to increase the number of those eligible to the franchise.

These are but a few specimens out of many which may be met with in the book, which evidently, therefore, is not to be depended upon in detail, and ought to be subject to very thorough revision.

Twelve Types. By G. K. Chesterton. London: Arthur L. Humphreys. 1902.

Mr. Chesterton, in his little volume of 200 pages, deals with Charlotte Brontë, William Morris, Byron, Pope, St. Francis, Rostand, Charles II., Stevenson, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Savonarola, and Scott. This is a pretty wide range, but Mr. Chesterton, like many another young lion of the press, has taken all knowledge for his province. Of his method or system, it is difficult to speak with confidence—indeed, it is doubtful whether any systematic body of opinion underlies what he says. In his essay on Charles II., whom he discusses as a perfect type of the skeptic, he comes nearer to self-revelation than anywhere else; and, after reading it, it is safe to say that he is a liberal of the latest type—and this, we take it, means a kind of opportunism in matters literary and social, analogous to the opportunism which everybody recognizes as the "note" of liberalism in the political world. Mr. Chesterton is one of those writers who make less advanced readers long for an hour of Matthew Arnold. We sigh for "measure"—for that moderation of statement which seems to go naturally with firmly held and consistently reasoned opinions; we are bored by a certain neurotic energy which represents the strenuous in style, and which is so much more objectionable than the iteration of the elder critic. Everything is exaggerated. A skeptic is not—as he certainly was down to Mr. Chesterton's time—a rationalist; this is too moderate a view. We must clench our teeth and squeeze something more out of skepticism than this. A true skeptic believes not even in his own beliefs. He does not know even "whether the tree he is looking at is a tree or a rhinoceros." This is what passes among the strenuous as a hit. In the non-strenuous order, the man who persistently doubts whether a tree is a tree or a rhinoceros, is a lunatic, rather than skeptic.

We do not by any means deny Mr. Chesterton's cleverness. The whole essay on Charles II. is clever, and presents a side of the Restoration neglected by others. So is the essay on "the optimism of Byron," though here the strenuous determination to think out something not said before becomes painful. On the whole, while we cannot class Mr. Chesterton as a decadent—he has in the Byron essay some very good remarks on the decadents—nor as a *poseur*, he is not what it is the fashion to call convincing. When the intellectual

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world has finally become, as it constantly tends more and more to become, a hippodrome, his essays will be recognized as very creditable acrobatic performances.

Caterpillars and their Moths. By Ida Mitchell Eliot and Caroline Gray Soule, with illustrations from photographs of living caterpillars and spread moths by Edith Eliot. The Century Co. 1902.

"We have written a true book, and we hope that it may prove a helpful one. If it is not interesting, the fault is with us, not with the subject." This expresses the attitude of the authors, and their book is certainly interesting to all who find any interest whatever in nature. They speak from abundant experience, and with a genuine enthusiasm begotten of love for their insect pets.

Beginning with a description of the "crawlery," as they term their study room, they give in an inventory of its contents a very full enumeration of what is needed by one who desires to watch the transformations of moths from egg to adult—not a list of expensive or complicated apparatus, but such an outfit as any bright boy or girl can procure without much trouble. Then comes a description of the stages through which the insects pass, and how each should be treated: long experience again drawing attention to many little details that would be likely to confuse or discourage the amateur. Diseases and parasites are not forgotten, and the reader is brought to realize that even for caterpillars life is full of trouble and dangers.

Forty-five species, most of them hawk moths, are described more or less fully, and are figured in some or all the stages, and here there is room for criticism. Some of the pictures are really excellent, and some of the caterpillar groups show painstaking effort to obtain natural effects; but the adults or moths which should have been most easily pictured, are genuine disappointments. In the male Cecropia, for instance, what necessity was there for figuring a cripple when perfect examples must have been available? So, *Ceratomia amyntor* represents an undersized, obscure specimen that does not begin to do justice to the species. In the smaller moths, matters are much worse, and there seems to have been no effort whatever to get perfect or strongly characterized examples. Half-tone plates always leave much to be desired in the matter of bringing out fine detail; hence for a work of this kind unusual effort should have been made to secure sharp photographs from well-marked, well-spread insects. In some cases, as in *Ampelophaga myron*, the picture is excellent while the specimens pictured are irregular and poorly mounted.

The book has a place, however, and will be very useful. It is well printed, in large, clear type, on good paper, and has a somewhat ornate cover.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abruzzi, Duke of the. Farther North than Nansen: Being the Voyage of the Polar Star. H. W. Bell.
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